HANOVER STREET

by

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1 EXT. LONDON STREETS - DUSK

NOVEMBER, 1943

The evening settles over London as if it weighed more than the afternoon. It pushes down on the streets. It slows traffic... which is always looking for an excuse to slow down anyway. The crowds... choking the sidewalks... turn their shoulders against it... as they hurry home from work.

It's always strange for someone from the outside to see. People in London in 1943 treat the war like a job. They go to it each morning... and return from it each evening... careful to ignore the gaping holes in the building along the way, and the familiar faces that don't show up for work the next day. If it weren't for the fact that most men and women are wearing uniforms... and for the terrible scars in the brick and cement... you wouldn't know that anything was wrong.

DAVID HALLORAN is trying to hurry his way through the crowd on Hanover Street... which is a little too thick to allow anyone to hurry. It is more like a tide than a crowd. You have to flow with it, rather than fight against it. Halloran has sandy brown hair that seems to have a will of its own. It is never neatly brushed... yet it manages to fall in a way that everybody else tries to get their hair to fall by spending hours brushing it. Halloran is one of those guys you hate... who never pays attention to the clothing he is wearing... yet somehow or other, the clothing on him looks good.

He is weaving through the crowd like a tailback... looking for his blockers, waiting for holes to open up, then sliding through. He is tall... and lean... with a casual buoyancy. Like a lot of young men at that time ... there are small lines around his eyes... from seeing more than you were supposed to see at that age. His battered leather jacket... with the 8th Army Air Force patch... and his first lieutenant bars... make him look very different from the rest of the people on Hanover Street.

He reaches the bus stop... and squeezes as far as he can toward the curb. People are talking animatedly as they cluster together. The two decker bus rumbles down the clogged street... and hisses to a reluctant stop.

Halloran does not fit too well in crowds. He appears to be in more of a hurry than the rest of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

He tries to inch his way forward. The bus is almost completely full, even before it comes to a stop. The people by the curb begin to pack themselves in the back door.

Behind him... Halloran feels a slight commotion... followed by a sharp elbow in his ribs. By the time he turns around, SHE is almost by him. She doesn't look up... she doesn't even try to say "excuse me." Halloran pushes forward against her. She pushes back. Halloran pushes harder. So does she.

The bus is beginning to pull away. There is no more room... except maybe for one more person... and that person wouldn't be able to inhale. Both Halloran and she see it at the same time.

Halloran reaches around her... and grabs her far shoulder. She instinctively turns in the direction of his hand. That is all the room he needs. He slithers in front of her... and grasps the pole at the end of the bus. There is a HISS OF BRAKES... the wheels begin to turn... and the bus begins to inch away. She looks at Halloran. He grins.

Suddenly her eyes roll up. Her face goes rigid. Her hands pull spasmodically to her stomach. She starts to fall. Her voice is strangled... as if a hand is clutching her throat.

WOMAN
My God... it's the baby! It's the baby!

The bus is pulling away. Halloran watches her in abject horror... as she goes limp... and falls to the pavement. He jumps off the bus. Someone else immediately jumps on... wedging into that last place.

Halloran reaches her side. Her face is down... in her hands. He gently turns her over. She is grinning. She sticks out her tongue... and springs to her feet.

WOMAN
I'm frightfully sorry... it appears you have missed your bus.

Halloran blinks at her in disbelief. The bus is now halfway down the street. She is leering at him in triumph. He looks back at her for a moment... and then turns, and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

His left leg drags along the asphalt as he goes. He pulls his collar up against the cold. He is self-conscious about his stiff-legged limp... however, he is unable to hide an infirmity of that magnitude.

She watches the crippled soldier hobble away. A second bus is starting to pull up to the curb. She looks at the bus... then at the limping soldier. The crowd is already starting to clamber onto the bus... before it has come to a stop. She looks at the bus again... then at Halloran... who is limping farther down the street. She is clearly anguished.

She hesitates... and then runs to Halloran. She reaches out... and puts her hand on his arm. She is in some way trying to apologize. Her voice is halting.

WOMAN
I'm...

She never gets the "sorry" out. Halloran pivots, and races toward the bus... in long graceful strides. It takes her a moment... and then she is after him... tearing down the street. Halloran is gliding through the crowd... ahead of her. What she lacks in speed and size ... she is making up in determination. Halloran bumps into someone... and it slows him down. She catches up.

The bus is starting to pull away. The both of them are side by side now. They are each trying to push the other one out of the way. The bus is gaining speed. Two people are hanging onto the pole at the back. Halloran and the Woman reach the corner at the same time. They are too late. The bus is gone.

They both stand there looking at each other. It is the first time Halloran can really see her.

Halloran can feel it in his stomach. That's where it usually gets you. It's a tightening in the solar plexus. Halloran is trying to breathe deeply... except he can't seem to get quite enough air. It's her eyes. They are so clear and strong and defiant... it takes him a while to notice that she actually has a mouth and a nose.

HALLORAN
You missed your bus.

WOMAN
I don't own a bus.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

HALLORAN
I'll buy you one.

WOMAN
No, thank you.

HALLORAN
How about a cup of coffee?

WOMAN
I don't drink coffee.

Halloran shrugs... and puts his hands in his pockets. Far down the street... he can see another bus approaching. She can see it too.

WOMAN
(continuing)
I drink tea.

Halloran looks at her. A smile is beginning to curl at the edges of her mouth. It is such a nice mouth.

HALLORAN
There won't be another bus for quite a while.

WOMAN
Probably not.

They both avoid looking down the street at the approaching bus.

CUT TO:

2 INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

It is a small, dark, wooden rectangle of a room... with a large bay window looking out onto Hanover Street. There are more tables than you would think could fit in that room... each covered with a white tablecloth. The air is warm and thick with pipe and cigarette smoke... in contrast to the cold, dark street outside.

Halloran and the Woman are seated at a small table by the window. Individual pewter pots of tea are in front of them. Halloran is looking at his like it contains some kind of radioactive substance.

HALLORAN
You really drink this stuff, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
No... we just like to pour it into cups, and stir it.

HALLORAN
It tastes too much like boiled water.

WOMAN
It is boiled water.

HALLORAN
I knew there was a reason.

They look at each other. Something is happening, and they know it.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Nobody's supposed to look like that in a uniform.

WOMAN
How am I supposed to look?

HALLORAN
Like a short man.

WOMAN
Your boiled water is getting cold.

Halloran is staring at her... and she is trying to avoid his eyes.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Where are you from?

HALLORAN
New York... a place called Morningside.

WOMAN
That's a peaceful name.

HALLORAN
New York likes to play little practical jokes like that on people. I think it's for the tourists.
(pause)
What about you?

2 CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN
What about, what about me?

HALLORAN
Who are you... what are you...?

WOMAN
I'm a short man. I live in London... I always have, and most likely always will. I work in a hospital... telling a lot of young men that they are going to be all right... and then watch them die. I want it to all end.

There is silence.

HALLORAN
I'll win the war for you.

WOMAN
That will be nice.

She runs her finger around the rim of her tea cup.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Are you stationed in London?

HALLORAN
No... the base is about an hour and a half from here. I normally get a day every two weeks.

WOMAN
You're a pilot?

HALLORAN
Yes... B-25's.

WOMAN
Do you like to fly?

HALLORAN
I hate to walk. What's your name?

WOMAN
Tell me about New York.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

HALLORAN
I think you are lovely.

WOMAN
Tell me about Morningdale.

HALLORAN
Morningside... it's where the George Washington Bridge is. Something is happening here.

WOMAN
Please... don't.

HALLORAN
Please don't what?

WOMAN
I have to go.

HALLORAN
I don't want you to go.

WOMAN
I shouldn't be here.

HALLORAN
Yes, you should.

Both of them look down at the table at the same time... and realize they are holding hands. She is shaken. She pulls away and grabs her coat. She is trembling.

WOMAN
I... I have to go.

She runs from the table.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. HANOVER STREET - NIGHT

The Woman hurries out of the restaurant. She is racing toward the bus stop. Halloran catches up with her. He holds onto her arm. Her face is flushed.

WOMAN
Please... I have to catch the bus.

HALLORAN
Don't go like this.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
I have to.

HALLORAN
I want to see you again.

WOMAN
I can't... I can't.

HALLORAN
Please... I only have a few more hours before I have to go back.

WOMAN
I have to go.

HALLORAN
Why? Why?

He pulls her to him. She doesn't resist for a moment... and then pulls away in panic. She runs toward the bus stop. Halloran is standing there... watching her go... staring at her disappearing figure... as she gets farther away. She is almost at the bus... which is coming to a stop.

There is an ear shattering EXPLOSION. The bus becomes a ball of orange fire. The air raid SIRENS begin to wail at the same time. Searchlights flicker on... and criss-cross the black sky. Another BOMB hits... then ANOTHER. The RUMBLE of German BOMBERS grows LOUDER.

People on the street are screaming. The bay window of the little restaurant they had been sitting in moments before ... cascades into the street. The building shudders... and then the bricks collapse in a waterfall of debris.

Halloran catches sight of her for an instant. She has wheeled around as soon as the bus was hit. He can see her eyes wide with fear through the smoke. She is trying to get to him. Her mouth is open. He goes to her. The SCREAMS are LOUDER than the explosions.

Halloran is desperately pushing his way through the hysteria toward the bus stop. Suddenly a small shop on his right is a flash of light and a HORRIBLE SOUND, and an avalanche of masonry. Halloran's legs are knocked out from under him... as the debris hits him. He is caked with the dust of powdered stone.

He is on his hands and knees... crawling up the street.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone is scrambling wildly for shelter. Halloran is on all fours... trying to get to where he last saw her... trying to see through the smoke and the screams. He thinks he catches a glimpse of her... and then she is gone.

The SIRENS are SHRIEKING. Lights are going out as fast as possible. Halloran can see the corner... bathed in the flickering orange glow of the fires. She is not there.

He struggles to his feet... and spins around. A middle-aged couple is huddled over the still body of a young woman in a Hospital Service uniform. It is her uniform.

Halloran is a crazy man... staggering frantically toward the couple... who are about seventy-five feet from him. He can only clearly see the legs of the woman on the pavement. They are not moving. An air raid warden is shouting at everybody to get off the street and into some kind of shelter... Halloran pushes past the warden... and reaches the couple... huddled over the woman. The warden races to them... and pulls them off of the woman... trying to lead them to safety.

As they get up... Halloran can see the woman's face. She is dead... about forty-five years old... her broken glasses lying on the pavement beside her.

Halloran goes blindly through the street... pushing through people... and being pushed by people. Two more BOMBS hit near him. The first hit near the already burning carcass of the bus... knocking it over on its side. The second blows out the second story of a brownstone. Halloran can see the twisted bedroom furniture exposed... as the outer wall falls into the street. The brick and stone fall past the doorway. Halloran can see her for an instant... behind the curtain of falling stone... standing in the doorway. She is covering her head. She sees him.

Halloran doesn't care about anything... except getting to her. The doorway is deep... and behind a three-foot barrier of broken rubble. He dives through an opening... just before a slab of cement falls by the opening in the doorway. She is cowering in the shadows of the doorway.

There is not even a question of what to do or what to say. Their arms go around each other. Their mouths press against each other. She holds onto him as if she were holding onto her own life. Halloran kisses her eyes... and her wet cheeks. She buries her head under his chin. Her hair billows against the side of his face. He can feel her tremble. They slowly settle on the floor of the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

They lay there... in the orange light... with the SIRENS and the people SHRIEKING for help... with the ugly BUZZING of AIRPLANE ENGINES being sought by the searchlights in the night. Her eyes are closed in the collar of his leather jacket. He can faintly catch the fragrance from the nape of her neck. He is stroking her hair. They are there... in the middle of Hell... and they are safe.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. HANOVER STREET - NIGHT (20 MINUTES LATER)

The "ALL-CLEAR" is being SOUNDED. It is like the world is coming back after being out late, and horribly drunk. Mangled cars and buses are strewn on the street... like over-filled ashtrays on the living room rug. People are pouring back out onto Hanover Street... from the shelters they had hidden in. They are all in a daze... and strangely silent.

Halloran and the Woman step onto the street. Her face has the same look it had when they were outside the restaurant. He has his arm around her. They don't know what to say to each other.

It's like summer camp. You never think it's going to end ... and then suddenly you're on the bus back home... singing songs that nobody else gives a damn about.

HALLORAN
You're trying to go away again... and I'm not going to let you.

He turns her toward him. She is wide-eyed... and starting to cry.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I'm not going to let you.

WOMAN
I can't think. I... I have to go home.

HALLORAN
I'll take you.

WOMAN
No... I can't...

Halloran puts his arms around her and kisses her. She kisses him willingly.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
My name is Halloran... David Halloran... I'm from New York... right near the George Washington Bridge... and I won't let you go.

WOMAN
Please... I have to go...

HALLORAN
What's your name?

WOMAN
I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

She starts to pull away.

HALLORAN
You're in my arms... and you won't tell me your name.

WOMAN
Please let me go.

HALLORAN
I have to see you again. I'll have another day... two weeks from today... Thursday.

WOMAN
I can't.

HALLORAN
I'll meet you here... right here.

WOMAN
No...

HALLORAN
On the same corner... Thursday... I'll be here.

WOMAN
I won't be here.

HALLORAN
I will. I'll wait all day.

WOMAN
Don't... don't... I won't come.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

HALLORAN
I'll be here. There's not enough time. You can't act like something hasn't happened. There's not enough time.

WOMAN
It's too late...

She turns and runs. Halloran reaches out to stop her. He grabs her hand. She pulls back... leaving her glove in his hand. He sees the gold ring on her third finger. Halloran looks at her hand, and then at her face. Their eyes meet.

WOMAN
(continuing)
It's too late...

She turns, and she is gone.

Firemen are trying to extinguish the flames that lick out of the buildings. Ambulances with little blue lights on top are next to the overturned bus. The street is wet with water. The body of the Hospital Service lady has been taken away. Her shattered glasses are still on the pavement.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

The briefing room is a corrugated Quonset hut. It has a domed roof that comes all the way to the ground. It looks as if it fell from some place... and spread slightly, as it hit the ground. Hanging from the exposed heating pipes that run along the ceiling... are a series of poles. At the bottom of the poles are metal conical lamp shades... housing a bare light bulb. Windows appear to have been cut into the sides of the sloping walls... about three feet from the ground. As a result... they face upward. There is no insulation... and the winter snakes through the windows that never properly close.

There are a series of wooden school chairs with a writing arm attached. Someone has made an attempt to put the chairs in rows. They all face the far wall... where there is a raised wooden platform.

The chairs are all filled with the flight crews... all wearing their battered leather jackets.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Halloran is sitting next to his co-pilot... Second Lieutenant MARTIN HYER... and his bombadier... Second Lieutenant JERRY CIMINO. Halloran is slouching.

Hyer is blond, blue eyed and handsome. His father is a builder, who had successfully predicted the land boom in California, and the start of World War Two... and who had profited equally from both. Hyer had glided through his rather privileged twenty-six years of life without ever failing at anything. His is the face that put mothers' minds at ease... when he came to pick up their daughters for a date. Cimino's face is the one that made fathers go for their shotguns. He is from Chicago... a dark... alert... rather cynical son of a bartender on the north side... who could break enough tackles to be recruited by the University of Illinois.

Standing on the platform... facing the men... is COLONEL RONALD N. BART. Colonel Bart is one of those men who spent his lifetime not rising above the bottom of the middle echelon of life during peacetime. The Second World War... through a process of bureaucratic (as well as alphabetic) attrition... sifted him upward to his present rank. He would not rise above it. As soon as peace would unfortunately be declared... he would return downward... and fondly remember these few years as the highlight of his life.

Behind Colonel Bart is a large map of Northern France. It is flanked by a series of black and white reconnaissance photos. Small puffs of smoke punctuate his words... as he talks in the cold of the hut. The bare bulbs overhead spill pools of light on the men.

BART
(pointing to the map)
The objective this morning is this airfield... north, northeast of Roo-on.
Reconnaissance shows we didn't do too well the last time.
These dark circles here are fuel storage tanks. They are under concrete... so it will take more than one direct hit to knock them out. Again... the recon photos show they didn't take even one direct hit.
We should approach from the east... We'll have the sun at our backs and in their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

CIMINO
(whispering)
How come he says 'we'? He's not going. We're 'we.'

BART
They have two fighter wings and a medium bomber group. If we come in fast enough... they won't be able to get them up fast enough.
We can expect light to moderate flack. We'll approach at twelve-thousand. Cloud cover is six to eight thousand. We'll drop at six-thousand.
I wish I could be going with you.

HALLORAN
(whispering)
We'll stay... and he can go.

Bart hears him.

BART
Lieutenant Halloran... is there something you want to say?

HALLORAN
No, sir.

Bart looks at Halloran with hate in his eyes.

BART
I'm sure none of us would want to miss whatever it is you have to add, Lieutenant.

HALLORAN
Yes, sir.

BART
Yes, sir what, Lieutenant Halloran?

HALLORAN
Yes, sir, none of us would want to miss whatever it is I have to add, sir... except I have nothing to add, sir... so there is nothing for us to miss, sir.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

There is silence... as Bart is trying to figure out whether he has won or lost. Cimino and Hyer are having difficulty keeping straight faces. Bart would like to find a legal way of killing Halloran.

BART
Takeoff is at oh-eight-hundred. Good luck, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

Halloran, Hyer and Cimino are walking to their plane... along with the other officer crews. The B-25's are standing in a line. The aircraft are a series of protrusions ... glass bubbles... rivets... machine guns... aerials... and bomb bay doors. They are all painted dark green. The morning sky is grey. The runway surface is grey. The pilots are in khaki and brownish black jackets. Except for the hills in the distance... there is almost no discernible color.

CIMINO
Light to moderate flack... what the hell is light to moderate flack?

HALLORAN
Less than heavy flack.

CIMINO
It's more than no flack.

HALLORAN
You got a point there.

HYER
He wishes he could go with us.

HALLORAN
Somebody has got to stay behind and volunteer us.

They reach their plane. Halloran is the first to crawl effortlessly up through the belly hatch. Hyer follows. Cimino hits his shoulder as he gets in.

CIMINO
Shit.

CUT TO:

7 INT. PLANE - MORNING

Halloran and Hyer squeeze into their cockpit seats. The metal walls are bare... exposing the ribbing, and the seams, and the bolts. A jungle of cables and wires run along each side. Both men begin their pre-flight check... putting on their headsets... and testing their microphones.

HALLORAN
Lucas?

CUT TO:

8 TOP GUN BUBBLE

SERGEANT JOHN LUCAS. He is wedged in the glass bubble on top of the aircraft. He is the crew chief... about 34 years old... with thinning hair and thick, burly wrists. He is checking the turret of the two machine guns that point aft.

LUCAS
Yes, sir.

HALLORAN (V.O.)
How we doing?

LUCAS
Ready, sir.

CUT TO:

9 BELLY GUN BUBBLE

CORPORAL DANIEL GILER... is testing the turret that protrudes from the belly of the aircraft. He looks young... too young.

HALLORAN (V.O.)
Giler?

GILER
All set, sir.

CUT TO:

10 NOSE BUBBLE

Cimino is in the large glass bubble on the nose. He has two machine guns that face forward. He is the bombadier ... so he also has the navigation and bomb bay release equipment. There is not enough room.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN (V.O.)
Cimino?

CIMINO
I don't understand it. They make it so Goddamn hard to get in these things... and I don't want to be here in the first place.

CUT TO:

11 COCKPIT

Halloran and Hyer are turning their various switches, and flipping their respective toggle switches.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I mean I can understand them making it hard to get out... because everybody wants to get out...

CUT TO:

12 EXT. RUNWAY

Halloran's aircraft revs both its engines. There are eight planes behind him... all straining as their brakes hold them back. A plane has just taken off... and Halloran begins his lumbering path down the runway.

CIMINO (V.O.)
You know these things are made of metal... right?

The aircraft begins to pick up speed.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Did you ever try to pick one up? You can't. You know why?

The aircraft is going faster.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Because it's made of metal... and metal is heavy. Very heavy. You don't believe me?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

CIMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just try to pick one of these things up... you'll see... you'll wrench your back... that's what you'll do.

The nose begins to lift slightly off the runway.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Air isn't heavy. This pile of junk is heavy. It's heavier than air. Much heavier. Don't you see? This thing isn't supposed to be up in the air.

The plane lifts off... and reluctantly flies off.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Oh, Jesus... I hate these things.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SKY - DAY

The flight of B-25's are flying in formation. Relative to each other... they are hardly moving... except for slight corrections. If you are looking right at them... and not down at the ground... they appear to be motionless ... as if they are hung by invisible wires... like an elaborate mobile in a little boy's room.

VOICE
Pacer one to Pacer group... we are twenty miles from target. Descending to six thousand.

CUT TO:

14 INT. COCKPIT

HALLORAN
Roger, Pacer one... descending to six thousand.

Halloran eases forward on the stick... and the plane begins to go down through the clouds. For a few moments ... you can't see anything out the windows. Then they spurt out the bottom... under the ceiling of overcast.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

The airplane shakes violently with the SOUND of the first EXPLOSION. A puff of black smoke appears outside the windows... then another... and then a series of them. They are low growling BOOMS... the shock of them moving the plane straight up a few feet.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Hey... they're shooting guns at us.

VOICE
Pacer one to group... maintain position. We are ten miles from target.

The FLACK is getting so heavy... it is difficult for one pilot to see another airplane.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NOSE BUBBLE

Cimino is trying to fix the target on his bomb sight.

CIMINO
Somebody forgot to tell the Germans they're only supposed to have light to moderate flack today.
(pause)
Bomb bay open.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. PLANE

The formation is getting a little ragged. We can SEE the bomb bay doors sweep open. An aircraft to the right of Halloran is hit. It shudders upward... as part of its oversized tail breaks apart in flames. The airplane starts to lose control... and then the nose points downward. The airplane begins to burn. It tumbles downward ... and OUT OF SIGHT.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Three miles from target.

Halloran's plane is hit on the right side. The starboard engine belches thick black smoke. It starts to bank sharply to the right.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PLANE - COCKPIT

Halloran fights to regain control of the plane.

HALLORAN
Feather number one.

Hyer is gaping out his window... the burning engine right beside him. He reaches for the switch. The propeller stops spinning... and comes to rest.

HYER
Number one feathered.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Let's turn the hell back.

HALLORAN
How far is the target?

CIMINO (V.O.)
Five miles. Let's turn the hell back!

HYER
He's right...

HALLORAN
We'll have to slow down to two-hundred.

HYER
We'll be sitting ducks at that speed.

CUT TO:

18 NOSE BUBBLE

CIMINO
We're going to get our asses shot off.

HALLORAN (V.O.)
How far from the target?

CIMINO
Three miles. Am I the only one who's not crazy here?

CUT TO:

19 COCKPIT

HALLORAN
Hey, Cimino... you ever take a good look at Hyer?

CIMINO (V.O.)
I've seen him naked, if that's what you mean.

HALLORAN
No... take a look at him sometime. Hey, Hyer... how rich are you?

HYER
What kind of question is that?

HALLORAN
He's rich... and blond... and really neat. If there's a God... He doesn't spend all that time making someone neat like Hyer... and then let him do something messy like die in an airplane. So, as long as we're in the same plane as Hyer... God will have to figure out another way to get us.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I'm messy enough to take Hyer down with me.
We're over the target! We're over the target... and the wing's gonna fall off... now drop the Goddamn bombs, and let's get out of here.

HALLORAN
A few more seconds.

Hyer is glazed as he stares at the smoking engine.

CIMINO (V.O.)
You son of a bitch! We're over the target! The engine's gonna fall off.

HALLORAN
Hey, chief... what do you think?

CUT TO:

20 TOP BUBBLE

Lucas is watching out for enemy aircraft. The curly black hair on the back of his hand is damp with perspiration.

LUCAS
I think it'll hold out, sir. You want to wait... I'm with you.

CUT TO:

21 NOSE BUBBLE

CIMINO
Terrific. We got Sergeant York on the plane. I hate you, Lucas. Goddamn it... let me drop the Goddamn bomb. We're over the target!... I swear it!

CUT TO:

22 COCKPIT

The airplane is beginning to vibrate. The FLACK is tossing it around like it is a toy.

HALLORAN
My guess is you may be sighting just a little bit early... because you think the wing's going to fall off... so I'm going to wait just a few more seconds.

CIMINO (V.O.)
If anyone is interested... I hate Lieutenant David Halloran. What's your serial number?

HALLORAN
057327969.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Serial number 057327969.

HYER
For God's sake... let him drop the bombs.

HALLORAN
If we don't hit the stupid target now... we'll just have to come back again.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

CIMINO (V.O.)
Okay... now we're <u>really</u> over the Goddamn target.

HALLORAN
Drop them.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. PLANE

The bombs fall... Halloran banks sharply... and the wounded plane begins to limp home.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Jesus... I hate these things.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. HANOVER STREET - MORNING

Manny of the holes in the street have been filled up with new cement. The color is very different than the old cement... much lighter. It looks like an old pair of pants that someone doesn't want to part with... so they have been patched and patched... until at one point you can't tell which is the original material, and which is the patch.

The little restaurant is nothing more than a pile of debris. A thin slatted wall of boards has been put up over what was once the bay window. There is still a faint oil and carbon stain where the bus had burned. Nobody even looks down as they walk over the spot where the lady Hospital Service worker had died on the pavement.

Halloran is bounding around the corner. The sun is shining one of those bright winter yellows. It is the kind of day that when you look out the window at it... you would swear it isn't cold. Somebody would have to tell you to put on a jacket... you would never do it yourself. Halloran's jacket is open. His khaki shirt is neatly pressed... the silver First Lieutenant bars are glinting on his collar. If someone were to tell him that it was cold out... he wouldn't believe it.

The street is filled with people... all of them the wrong people. He walks to the corner. He looks around at the bus stop. The bus that is pulling up is bright and shiny. The city of London has washed away that other day, and even rinsed away the suds.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Halloran goes to the doorway they had been in. It has been swept clean. Thick beams have been nailed together to form a protective arch... where there used to be bricks. Halloran stands in the doorway... remembering that evening. He sits down on the steps, and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT. DOORWAY - AN HOUR LATER

There is a tiny pile of cigarette butts by Halloran's feet. He is still sitting on the steps... leaning against one of the protective boards. He is stiff. He stands up... and stretches. He shakes his right leg... which has fallen asleep. He walks back to the corner. He looks at the bus stop. He turns around and slowly walks back to the doorway. He leans against the side of the building... looking up and down the street. He sits down on the steps again. He zips up his jacket. He lights another cigarette.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. DOORWAY - TWO HOURS LATER

The pile of cigarette butts has grown. Halloran crumples an empty package... the cellophane making a crackling noise. He unwraps a second pack... takes out a cigarette, and lights it. You can tell by the way he exhales the smoke, that the cigarette doesn't taste good anymore. He pulls his collar up and rubs his hands together to keep warm. A woman in a Hospital Service uniform is walking across the street toward the doorway. Halloran sees her and jumps to his feet... stamping out the cigarette. His whole expression changes... his eyes are bright, and his face is full of anticipation. The woman comes closer, and then turns down the street. It is not she.

The curl disappears from the corners of Halloran's mouth. He sinks back down in the doorway. He lights another cigarette. It tastes no better than the one before.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. DOORWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Halloran's hands are in his pockets... and he is shifting his feet... from one to the other. He is plainly cold. The colors of the day are beginning to tury grey. He is counting the bricks in the wall to himself. A chilled breeze is blowing the pile of ashes by his shoes. He watches one of his cigarette butts roll off the step and onto the street.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

Suddenly he isn't cold anymore. There is no reason for it. He is simply staring at the lifeless body of the cigarette butt. He can see the "CAM" of the "CAMEL" printed on the paper of the butt... and suddenly he isn't cold anymore. His face is different. He can feel the change. He looks up.

She is at the bus stop... looking down the street at him standing there in the doorway. She is clutching her purse with both hands so she will have something to hold onto. He can see the look in her eyes... even from that distance.

Halloran starts toward her. At first... she doesn't move. She just stands there. Then she goes toward him. She is the first to break into a run. Halloran isn't far behind. They meet halfway. She is in his arms... her head burying under his chin... just like before. Except it isn't just like before. This is different. Halloran's eyes are closed in relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Halloran is driving his borrowed jeep through a winding country road... that is cut through rocky green farmland. Gentle stone houses of grey and brown seem to grow out of the greenest grass in the world. It is almost nonsensical to think that there is a war going on in this country. The only thing that even remotely reminds you of that face... is the dirty jeep that Halloran is driving... with the white star painted on the green body. She is resting her head on Halloran's shoulder as they drive.

WOMAN
When I was a little girl... I used to spend summers at my grandfather's. It looked just like this.

HALLORAN
You worked on a farm?

WOMAN
Yes... Why?

HALLORAN
I don't know. You just don't seem the farm type to me.

WOMAN
I can milk a cow.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
You can milk a cow?

WOMAN
I can milk a cow.

HALLORAN
With your very own hands?

WOMAN
No... with my feet. Why do you find it so incredible that I can milk a cow? Lots of people milk cows.

They drive on for a while.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Did you ever milk a cow?

HALLORAN
I opened a bottle once.

WOMAN
Really?

HALLORAN
Yes.

WOMAN
By yourself?

HALLORAN
With one hand.

There is a small tudor inn a few hundred feet up the road.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Are you hungry? There's a place to eat over there.

WOMAN
I'm famished.

HALLORAN
Good... so am I... I want some tea. Did I ever tell you I love tea?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN
No.

HALLORAN
Well, I do... I drink it all the time.

CUT TO:

29 INT. INN RESTAURANT

It is a small room... with only six tables. There is a stone fireplace at one end. Each of the tables has a small glass vase with freshly-cut flowers. The low ceiling is lined with deep wooden beams.

Halloran and the Woman are seated by the fireplace. He is ignoring his food... and pretending to drink his tea. She is moving small morsels of food from one side of her plate to the other.

HALLORAN
This place looks like something out of a Sherlock Holmes movie.

WOMAN
I was there on Hanover Street for over an hour. I was watching you. I was afraid... so I just stayed where you couldn't see me.

Halloran looks at her.

HALLORAN
Are you still afraid?

WOMAN
Yes. I wasn't a few minutes ago... when we had something to do... like driving, or walking. Now I feel awkward again. I don't know what I'm doing here.

HALLORAN
Yes, you do.

WOMAN
Yes, I do.

HALLORAN
I'm not hungry anymore.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Neither am I.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. ROOM - DAY

Yellow afternoon light is glowing through the lace curtains of the room at the inn. Halloran closes the door... and they look at each other. It is as if this is the first time they have really seen each other.

Halloran takes her in his arms. They kiss. It is a soft kiss. It is a long kiss. He can feel how small she is. She can feel the muscles in his back. They kiss again. It is not as soft a kiss as before.

They lie down on the quilted bed together. Her hair is sprayed on the white pillow. Her eyes have a look in them that Halloran hasn't seen before. Slowly... they undress each other. It is done with a kind of wonder... as if they had never seen an arm... or a leg... or a breast before.

They never speak. She is there... in half light from the window... her head tilted back... her mouth slightly open. It is all slow... and gliding... and hungry. Halloran's lips brush against her neck and her shoulders. She is breathing through her mouth... in slow deep breaths. She is becoming seized by something, as if she were a passenger. She knows that something is happening that hasn't happened before. Her eyes are half closed.

Outside the window... the light is growing deep ochre. The sky is flecked with the black dots of airplanes... as they head across the channel. We cannot hear them.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

They are driving back in the jeep. She is resting... leaning against him... trying to keep warm in the cold. They don't speak for a while.

HALLORAN
Next Thursday... I can get back in next Thursday.

They drive for a while.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Yes.

They drive on... the wind stinging her face.

HALLORAN
What's your name?

She doesn't answer. She pushes her face closer to his shoulder.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I bet your name is really Fred ... and you're embarrassed.

The headlights are pin spots of white... illuminating a moving circle on the dark road.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Hey, Fred... I think I love you.

She tightens her grip on his arm.

WOMAN
Yes.

The jeep gets smaller and smaller in the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. SKY - DAY

The flight of B-25's is flying toward us in tight formation. The sun is reflecting off the propellers... making them look as if they are almost standing still.

VOICE
Pacer One to group. We are twenty miles from target. Begin your descent. Bombs away at eight-thousand.

CUT TO:

33 INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

Halloran pushes forward on the wheel... and the plane begins to descend through the clouds. Hyer is watching the altimeter.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

HYER
Ten-thousand.

HALLORAN
Open bomb bays.

HYER
Bomb bays open.

The first BURSTS OF FLACK are low... and only cause muffled POPPING NOISES. The SECOND BURSTS are CLOSER... creating a turbulence of their own. The aircraft begins to bounce in the choppy air.

CUT TO:

34 NOSE BUBBLE

CIMINO
They're shooting guns at us again. How come every time we fly over them, they shoot guns at us?

HALLORAN (V.O.)
Because we drop bombs on them.

The plane is being buffeted.

CIMINO
They have no sense of humor.

A BURST OF FLACK hits directly below the left wing... causing the airplane to pitch violently. Cimino... who is looking through the bomb sight... almost has his eye knocked out. He looks out of the bubble... and screams down at the ground.

CIMINO
(continuing; screaming)
Can't you guys take a joke?

CUT TO:

35 COCKPIT

Halloran is fighting hard to keep control of the plane. Hyer is watching the altimeter so intently... the numbers are going to fall off.

HYER
Nine-thousand.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

CIMINO (V.O.)
Five miles from target.

Halloran is a little different than when we last saw him fly. There is a tension about him. The last time... the flack all around him was nothing more than an inconvenience. Now we can see him blink with every burst. He is holding onto the wheel tighter than before. He is impatient. It's not going from Jekyll to Hyde... it's just a difference that you can see if you look for it.

HALLORAN
How many miles now?

CIMINO (V.O.)
Three miles.

HALLORAN
Altitude?

HYER
Eight-thousand five-hundred.

The plane bounces again. Hyer is not used to being asked so quickly. He studies Halloran. He sees the tightness in his mouth.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Hey... are they just shooting at me up front here... or are you getting shot at too?

HYER
Must be just up front. It's quiet back here.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Son of a bitch... I knew it.
(pause)
We're just about over target.

HALLORAN
Altitude.

HYER
Eighty-two hundred... eighty-one hundred...

HALLORAN
Cimino! Drop them!

Hyer looks at Halloran in surprise.

CUT TO:

36 NOSE BUBBLE

Cimino is stunned.

CIMINO
Now?... Bombs away! Halloran, I love you. There is a God. There really is a God. Do you hear that, ladies and gentlemen...? There is a God.

CUT TO:

37 COCKPIT

Halloran banks the plane sharply... and heads for home.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I'm going to church as soon as we get back... that's what I'm going to do.

Hyer is watching the small beads of perspiration that are forming on Halloran's forehead.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
So I haven't been to church for a little while... so I missed a few Sundays...

Halloran is staring straight ahead. Hyer can't take his eyes off him.

CIMINO (V.O.)
(continuing)
It's only been fifteen years... what's fifteen years in the infinite scheme of things... right?

CUT TO:

38 INT. SELLINGER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

This is the dining room of a rather elegant London flat. It is not new money... not ornate or overly large. It is the kind of understatement that goes with people who are not trying to prove anything.

There are candles on the table... and a small chandelier of cut amber glass... giving off a warm glow over the shiny dark wood table.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

Seated at the head of the table is PAUL SELLINGER. He is the kind of light-brown-haired, slightly-greying-at-the-temples, intelligent-faced man you only thought existed in advertisements for Teacher's Scotch. He has a sincerity and a vulnerability about him that is difficult to resist. He never raises his voice. The more time you spend with him... the more attractive he becomes.

At one side of the table is SARAH. She is eight years old... with pale blue eyes... unbelievable legs... and a mind like a steel trap. There is always a fine line with little girls... when you are not sure if they know the effect they are having on you. With Sarah... there is no doubt.

Sitting across the table from Sarah... is the Woman. Her name is Margaret Sellinger. She is watching her husband and her daughter flirt.

SARAH
What do you get when you cross a parakeet with a tiger?

SELLINGER
What do you get?

SARAH
I don't know... but when he sings, you'd better listen.

Sarah is absolutely fractured with this.

SELLINGER
You think that's terribly funny, don't you?

SARAH
Yes.

SELLINGER
You're a wretched little child.

She is still giggling.

SARAH
If I am... it's your fault.

SELLINGER
Really? Why?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH
Mrs. Thomas said today... that children are the reflection of their parents.

SELLINGER
Do you think that's true?

SARAH
I don't know. If it's true... how come Dennis Caine doesn't have a moustache like his father?

SELLINGER
Maybe he's a reflection of his mother.

MARGARET (WOMAN)
She has a moustache, too.

Sellinger tries not to laugh.

SARAH
Dennis calls his mother and father by their names. I think that's neat.

SELLINGER
Oh, you do?

SARAH
Yes. I think I'm getting a little old to keep calling you Mommy and Daddy.

SELLINGER
You don't call me Mommy and Daddy... you only call me Daddy.

SARAH
I'm serious. I think that from now on I will call you Paul.

SELLINGER
If that's what you would like.

SARAH
Yes, Paul... that's what I would like.

She turns to her mother.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

SARAH
(continuing)
And I think that from now on... I will call you Margaret.

MARGARET (WOMAN)
I think that I will break your jaw.

SARAH
I think that I will call you Mommy.

MARGARET
For a short person... you're not bad at all.

Margaret gets up... and kisses Sarah. She turns to Sellinger.

MARGARET
(continuing)
Would you like some more tea?

SELLINGER
Love some.

Margaret goes to the kitchen. Sellinger and Sarah remain seated at the table. Sarah is drawing lines with her fingers, in the deep brown wax of the table.

SARAH
Judy Fox stole my key chain... you know, the one with the four-leaf clover on it?

SELLINGER
Yes... I know it. She stole it?

SARAH
Yes...

SELLINGER
How do you know she stole it?

SARAH
Well... I brought it to school... I always carry it... and when I was changing after hockey... I couldn't find it... and then later she had it...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

SARAH (CONT'D)
... and when I told her it was mine... she said she had always had it... that I wasn't the only one who had a four-leaf clover key chain... and I know it's mine. She's really a creep. Everybody's supposed to be nice to her... just 'cause her father died...

Margaret comes out of the kitchen with a pot of fresh tea. She pauses... and watches her husband and her daughter.

SELLINGER
When did her father die?

SARAH
A couple of weeks ago. He was in Africa. She said it was her key chain... and it isn't. I'm glad you're intelligent... and you won't get killed.

SELLINGER
I'm in intelligence... I'm not intelligent. And you should be especially kind to her now.

Sarah goes to her father and sits on his lap. Margaret watches from the doorway.

SARAH
You won't die, will you, Daddy?

SELLINGER
I thought you were going to call me Paul.

SARAH
Promise me.

SELLINGER
I promise.

SARAH
And you will always love me.

SELLINGER
I will always love me.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (5)

SARAH
And you will always love Mommy.

SELLINGER
I will always love Mommy.

Margaret stares at her husband... as he holds her daughter.

SARAH
Even when you're eighty?

SELLINGER
I'll have to take my false teeth out of the glass, and put them in to kiss you.

Sarah hugs her father tightly. Margaret drops the china TEAPOT. It CRASHES on the tile floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Colonel Bart is standing on the platform... pointer in hand... maps at his back. The pilots are assembled in front of him.

BART
We're going back to Roo-on today.

There is a groan among the men.

CIMINO
(whispering)
I think I'm going to be sick.

BART
We have reason to believe that the Krauts are sending a train load of ammunition from Roo-on south. Now, they're gonna be expecting us... so it's not going to be easy. We figure we're gonna get heavy flack.

CIMINO
(whispering)
I definitely am going to be sick.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

BART
Halloran... you fly lead. Ritt ... you fly second lead. Now, we got cloud cover from eight to ten thousand... scattered clouds from ten to fifteen thousand... you'll make the drop at six thousand. I know what it's gonna be like... so be careful.

HALLORAN
(whispering)
He knows what it's gonna be like. He flew a hundred missions over Lackland, Texas... and he knows what it's gonna be like.

There is a snickering among the men. Colonel Bart catches it.

BART
We should have a five to ten mile visibility below eight thousand. The approach should be from south to north.

HALLORAN
(whispering)
You gotta hand it to him. Nobody ever took Texas while he was there.

There is some more muffled laughter. Bart knows Halloran is the cause of it... yet he can't catch him in the act. His face reddens.

BART
Takeoff is at oh-eight-thirty. Good luck, men... I wish I could be going with you. Dismissed.

There is a loud scraping of chairs against the bare floor ... as the men get up and begin to file out.

BART
(continuing)
Lieutenant Halloran... I would like to speak with you for a moment.

Halloran stops by the door. He is with Hyer and Cimino.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

HYER
Take it easy with him... don't say anything you'll regret later.

CIMINO
Don't take it easy with him... say something you'll regret later. Maybe we'll get grounded.

Halloran turns and walks back to Bart.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BART'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a large, rather spartan square... with grey walls... and a window that looks out onto the runway. There is an oversized Army issue brown wood desk... a dark green couch... and two matching dark green chairs. The illumination is from two overhead hanging white globes.

Bart enters first... followed by Halloran.

BART
Close the door.

Halloran closes the door. Bart leans against his desk. He picks up a pencil and begins toying with it. He looks at Halloran... and puts on a painfully friendly expression.

BART
(continuing)
Sit down, Halloran.

Halloran slouches on the couch in obvious discomfort. There is a heavy silence in the room. Bart clears his throat.

BART
(continuing)
You know in every group of men ... there is always one man the others look to for leadership.

Halloran is studying the veins on the back of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

BART
(continuing)
In this group... you happen to be that man. If you set a good example... the others will follow.

Halloran shifts his feet.

BART
(continuing)
You have the makings of a fine officer. You could go far. Very far.
(pause)
It's your attitude that concerns me.

Halloran is looking at a photograph of Colonel Bart standing next to an airplane.

BART
(continuing)
Do you understand what I am saying?

HALLORAN
No, sir.

Bart walks over to the couch and stands over Halloran.

BART
I don't like you either, buster. Just stop crapping around in the briefings. Understand?

HALLORAN
No, sir.

BART
What do you mean 'no'?

HALLORAN
I mean, sir, I don't understand, sir... What crapping around, sir?

BART
You're a wise-ass. You even say 'sir' like a wise-ass.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

HALLORAN
How should I say 'sir,' sir?

BART
I'm gonna get you. That's what I'm gonna do. You blink the wrong way... and I'm gonna nail you. Do you understand?

HALLORAN
Yes, sir... you're going to nail me.

BART
Get the hell out of here.

Halloran stands up... faces Bart... stands at attention ... salutes... does an about-face... and leaves.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

Halloran walks to his aircraft. Cimino and Hyer are standing under the wing.

HYER
You okay?

HALLORAN
I'm okay.

He starts to inspect the port landing gear.

HYER
What did he say?

HALLORAN
He said he didn't like my attitude.
(pause)
Hey, Lucas... you check this gear?

Sergeant Lucas comes over and kneels with Halloran.

LUCAS
Sure I checked it, sir.

Halloran crawls under the belly and inspects the bomb bays ... and then the starboard gear. Hyer is watching Halloran. He has never seen him do this before.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

LUCAS
(continuing)
I checked all of them... like I always do.

HALLORAN
Tire pressures?

LUCAS
They're fine, sir... is anything the matter? You've never done this before.

Halloran gets up and checks the nose gear. He doesn't answer.

HALLORAN
Check them again.

Lucas shrugs... and kneels down by the tires. He takes out a gauge. Halloran is finished with the nose gear. He effortlessly pulls himself up through the belly hatch, and into the plane. Lucas looks up at Hyer and Cimino in wonder. Hyer pulls himself up through the belly hatch.

CIMINO
Boy, I really like his attitude ... I really like it.

Cimino goes over to the belly hatch and grabs hold.

CIMINO
(continuing)
That's one fine attitude... really fine.

Cimino pulls himself up... and bangs his shoulder against the opening.

CIMINO
(continuing)
Shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Halloran and Margaret are driving in the jeep. It is a sunny day. She is wearing a pale yellow scarf. Her arm is locked around his.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

They are seated in a dark little restaurant. Halloran is drinking tea... and trying to act like he likes it. She laughs at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. FIELD - DAY

It is raining. a grey rain that falls straight down. The overcast makes the greens of the grass and the trees look almost blue. They are walking... paying no attention to the rain. Halloran slips on the wet ground... and falls flat on his behind. Margaret gets hysterical. Halloran glares at her. He grabs her ankle and pulls. She falls on him. They put their arms around each other. Their faces are wet. Her soaked hair is streaked across her cheek. They kiss on the ground... little droplets of water falling on their mouths.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

It is bright sunshine. The two of them are picnicking. He is lying with his head on her lap. She has a glass of wine. She brings it gently to his lips... and then tilts the glass... spilling most of it, in a fine burgundy rivulet... down his chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. ROOM AT THE INN - DUSK

A plum-colored sunset is glowing through the window. The two of them are in bed... their faces are touching. The light from the window is just enough to rim light their outlines... and highlight the folds in the pillow.

Halloran's face reflects the orange tip of his burning cigarette. The smoke curls upward to the ceiling. They lie together silently... for a long time.

MARGARET
Halloran...

HALLORAN
Yes...

MARGARET
I love you. My name is Margaret.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

Halloran takes a long drag of the cigarette.

HALLORAN
No kidding?

MARGARET
No kidding.

HALLORAN
You love me?

MARGARET
I love you.

HALLORAN
Your name is Margaret?

MARGARET
My name is Margaret.

Halloran takes another drag of the cigarette.

HALLORAN
(to himself)
Maggie. I like the name Maggie.
(pause)
I love you, Maggie.

She kisses him.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Did you ever notice how some names seem to doom certain people?

MARGARET
No.

HALLORAN
Well, they do. I have never met a gorgeous Beulah in my life. Maybe she was gorgeous until she found out her name was Beulah.

She kisses him again.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
How many handsome Oswalds have you ever met?

46 CONTINUED: (2)

MARGARET
None.

She bites his lip.

HALLORAN
Little pink babies named Harry... it just never seems to fit.

She kisses his neck.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Now you take Hubert. Do Huberts become Huberts because their parents named them that?... Or do their parents look at him through the window in the hospital... and somehow or other figure that they have a Hubert on their hands?

She kisses the corner of his mouth.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I love you, Maggie.

MARGARET
I love you, Halloran.

They kiss... this time stronger. They start to make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE - DAY

Grey sky is trying to slither through the partially closed blinds in Major Trumbo's office. This is the office of someone in authority. It is an old office. It has none of the temporary quality of the American air base. It is white... with ornate moldings on white walls... that stretch up to unusually high ceilings. The fact that the room is not overly large... makes the ceiling look even higher.. There are three men in the room. They all look dwarfed by its height.

MAJOR TRUMBO is swiveling in his red leather chair... behind his desk. It is one of those desks that is so heavy... it had to have been born in that office. Nobody could ever have carried it up four flights of stairs.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Trumbo is a short man in his very late forties, with all of the neatness and detachment of a bank senior vice-president. He has that pinkish skin that some men have... that makes him look like he never has to shave.

Sitting in one of the red leather armchairs that face the desk is CAPTAIN HAROLD LESTER... wearing a British Army uniform. He is a very tall man... with a thin moustache, that stretches in a horizontal line over a mouth that doesn't ever smile or frown.

Sitting on the other armchair is Sellinger. The room is ponderously silent... except for the incessant SQUEAKING of Trumbo's CHAIR... as he swivels from side to side.

TRUMBO
Captain Sellinger... I believe you've met Captain Lester?

SELLINGER
Yes, sir... I have.

Trumbo leans back on his chair... and lights his pipe.

TRUMBO
New tobacco... you like it?

SELLINGER
Yes... it seems quite pleasant.

TRUMBO
Aromatic.

He watches the little puffs of smoke slowly rise above him.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
Bad business... very bad.

SELLINGER
I beg your pardon?

TRUMBO
Captain Lester?

Lester leans forward. He reads from some notes in his hand.

LESTER
As you know... two months ago... one of your agents... Reed... was dropped in Lyons. Two weeks later he was killed.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

SELLINGER
Yes.

LESTER
A month ago... you sent another agent in.

SELLINGER
Forbes... a good man.

LESTER
Quite. Yesterday... we received word that Forbes was found dead.

Sellinger rests his chin on his folded hands. His lips are pursed. No one speaks for a while. We HEAR the SQUEAKING of Trumbo's CHAIR.

TRUMBO
What do you think?

SELLINGER
I trained both of those men. I knew them well... very well. They are... they were not the kind of men to make mistakes.
(pause)
Especially mistakes so glaring, that they would be found out in just two or three weeks.

Trumbo puffs on his pipe.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
There is a leak. There has to be a leak somewhere.
(pause)
The identity of those men had to have been known before they were dropped. It would take that long just to find them.

Lester studies Sellinger.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
There's a double agent here. Fairly high up, I'd say. That's the only explanation I can think of.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

LESTER
I agree.

TRUMBO
The last communication we received from Forbes... was that Gestapo headquarters in Lyons has a list of double agents in London.
(pause)
He said he was going to try to get that list.
(pause)
That's the last we heard from him.

He takes another puff on his pipe.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
This stuff is bloody awful. It may smell good. Tastes like hell.

He empties the pipe in a pewter ashtray.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
Well... it's obvious we're going to have to send somebody in to get that list.

SELLINGER
In Gestapo headquarters in Lyons?

TRUMBO
That's where the list is... that's where our man will have to go.

SELLINGER
(to himself)
He had three children.

TRUMBO
Did you say something?

SELLINGER
I was saying that Forbes had three children.

TRUMBO
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

He opens a desk drawer... and takes out an old leather pouch of tobacco. He begins to refill his pipe.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
It's obvious we're going to have to do this differently, this time. No one... I mean no one outside of this room may know about it. That means no one in G-2... no one in O.S.S... no one.

LESTER
Our man can't even transmit the list back... once he gets it. He must make a copy of it... and bring it back... without the Germans knowing about it.

TRUMBO
Who do we have?

Lester consults his notes.

LESTER
I've narrowed the list to two: McCallum... and Wells.

TRUMBO
(to Sellinger)
What do you think? They're both your men.

Sellinger folds his arms.

SELLINGER
McCallum is excellent.
(pause)
Except he just returned from four months in France. I don't know if he is emotionally fit to turn right around and go back.

TRUMBO
What about Wells?

SELLINGER
He's worked in Germany... so he speaks perfectly. His French may not be quite as good.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (5)

SELLINGER (CONT'D)
I'm not totally sure. He's a little below McCallum in proficiency... however, he's in better shape.

TRUMBO
Lester?

LESTER
Can you make him more proficient?

SELLINGER
How much time do I have?

TRUMBO
Not too much.

SELLINGER
I'm not sure.

LESTER
We don't want a tired man..

TRUMBO
Absolutely.

LESTER
I say Wells.

TRUMBO
Quite right.
(to Sellinger)
You work with him.

SELLINGER
I'm not sure if he's ready.

TRUMBO
You'll make him ready.

Trumbo lights his pipe.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
That's much better. They can take that aromatic and put it in their noses.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HARROD'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Christmas decorations are wound around the large columns... and hung from the stark ceilings of the store. It is packed with shoppers... gliding up and down the paneled escalators... crowding the aisles... clutching brightly-wrapped packages. They are all wearing their heavy coats, and carrying umbrellas... damp from the cold rain outside. Like many places like that... it is too warm inside.

Margaret is trying to keep up with Sarah... who is not content with letting the escalator take her upstairs... so she is walking up the escalator.

SARAH
Mommy... hurry! Please hurry!

MARGARET
This may come as a shock to you... I'm going as fast as I can.

SARAH
The third floor... it's on the third floor.

MARGARET
What's on the third floor?

SARAH
Something.

Sarah leaps off the escalator at the second floor landing ... and races for the next escalator. She crashes into an elderly woman on the way.

SARAH
(continuing)
Oops! Sorry.

MARGARET
(to the woman)
Horrid little child. I wonder whose she is.

Margaret tears after her.

MARGARET
(continuing)
I don't understand why eight-year-old girls... who don't really have all that much to do... have all that energy...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
... while parents... who have small things like careers and eight-year-old girls to contend with... we get the short end of the energy stick.

SARAH
If the kids have all the energy ... why can't we get to stay up later than the parents?

MARGARET
You're not a child... you're a forty-seven-year-old midget.

Sarah grins and grabs her mother's hand. They reach the landing.

CUT TO:

49 INT. HARROD'S DEPT. STORE - THIRD FLOOR

They race through the luggage department... Margaret being dragged by Sarah like a tiny old man being dragged by his pet Great Dane. They burst into the toy department. Sarah comes to a screeching halt. She stands transfixed at a shelf of dolls. She walks over to one of the dolls ... a large... incredibly lifelike brunette, wearing a white satin dress.

SARAH
Oh, God... I think I'm going to die.

MARGARET
Of what?

SARAH
Look, Mommy! Isn't she beautiful?

MARGARET
(looking)
Yes... she is.

SARAH
Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?

MARGARET
No.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

SARAH
Who is more beautiful than she is?

MARGARET
(seriously)
You are.

Sarah looks at her mother adoringly for a moment. Then she snaps out of it.

SARAH
You're not so bad yourself.

MARGARET
Why, thank you very much.

SARAH
You're quite welcome. Look! She can close her eyes... and you can curl her hair...

MARGARET
She can probably get pregnant.

Sarah giggles... and grabs her mother's arm. She starts pulling her down another aisle.

SARAH
Let's go get Daddy's present.

MARGARET
I suppose there was no reason in particular you wanted me to see that doll.

SARAH
No reason in particular.

They are passing through a jungle of brassieres and girdles.

MARGARET
It has nothing to do with Christmas.

SARAH
Of course not. Mommy... when am I going to get breasts?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

MARGARET
Next Tuesday... why?

SARAH
I don't know... sometimes I think they look silly.

MARGARET
They look best with formal wear.

CUT TO:

50 INT. MEN'S DEPARTMENT - HARROD'S DEPT. STORE

Lines of pale mannequins smile frozen smiles along the far wall. Rows of suits... all in dark greys and browns are in the middle. Sarah looks around. She sees the other wall... with the white shirts and ties... and the glass case of handkerchiefs. She runs over to the case.

SARAH
What would Daddy like?

MARGARET
I think he'll like most anything you get him.

SARAH
I want to get him something special.

MARGARET
How about a tie?

SARAH
A tie's nice... Daddy has ties.

MARGARET
Daddy has most of the things here.

SARAH
I want to get him something he doesn't have.

MARGARET
Get him a dress.

Sarah laughs again.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

MARGARET
(continuing)
Just get him something from you ... something you like... Daddy will love that... because it's from you... not because it's blue or red.

Sarah is staring at the handkerchiefs.

SARAH
Mommy... do you know any Germans?

MARGARET
Not too many.

SARAH
What are they like?

MARGARET
I don't really know. Probably a lot like us.

SARAH
Do you think there are German kids buying presents for their fathers right now?

MARGARET
Yes... I suppose there are.

Sarah is squinting at one of the boxes of handkerchiefs. They are white... with thin brown stripes around the edges.

SARAH
These! I love these!

She points to the handkerchiefs.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A seemingly endless line of B-25's is standing in the afternoon fog. Fuel trucks are topping off the various tanks. Final armament loading is being completed. Swarms of mechanics and pilots are climbing into and crawling from under the dark planes... looking like green ants.

CUT TO:

52 INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

Halloran and Hyer are in their seats... putting on their earphones... buckling themselves in. They are completing their final checklist.

HALLORAN
Switches on.

HYER
Switches on.

HALLORAN
Starting port engine.

HYER
Starting port engine.

Halloran leans forward and pushes the starter button. He looks out the window on his side at the engine. A cloud of black carbon spits out of the back of the engine. The three-bladed propeller slowly begins to rotate. One blade goes by... then the second and the third. The engine coughs... like a heavy smoker waking up in the morning. The black smoke billows under the wind. The propeller turns spastically... then it catches... and starts to spin. Soon you can't see the blades... just a blurred disk. Finally, there is that strange optical illusion... that makes it look as if the propeller is spinning slowly backward.

HALLORAN
Port engine on.

HYER
Port engine on.

He looks out Halloran's window at the engine.

HYER
(continuing)
I can never get over the way it looks like the propeller is spinning backwards.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Backwards? The Goddamn propeller is spinning backwards?

HALLORAN
Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

CIMINO (V.O.)
Forget it? The propeller is going backwards and I'm supposed to forget it?

HYER
It's an optical illusion... I was just saying...

HALLORAN
Forget it. Starting starboard engine.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Optical illusion my ass. How do you know forward from backwards with a propeller?

HALLORAN
When we take off heading for France... if we land in New York ... the propellers are spinning backwards.

Halloran pushes the starter switch.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I hope they're spinning backwards.

The right engine reluctantly sputters to life.

HALLORAN
Starboard engine on.

HYER
Starboard engine on.

Halloran pushes forward on the throttles.

HALLORAN
Tower, this is leader. Over.

VOICE
Leader, this is tower. Over.

HALLORAN
Starting to taxi. Over.

VOICE
Roger, leader. Over.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Halloran's plane begins to inch forward. The spindly nose wheel turns... and the aircraft taxis slowly toward the end of the runway. It is followed by the second plane... then the third... and on down the line. It looks like a mother duck leading her obedient chicks.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Just my luck, they're spinning forward.

The line of aircraft is growing longer... all in single file behind Halloran. Their wings wobble slightly as they taxi down the bumpy runway... the wobbling making the engines appear too heavy for the body.

CUT TO:

54 INT. COCKPIT

Halloran is guiding the plane down the taxiway. Hyer is watching him... like he has been watching Halloran for the past few weeks. Halloran doesn't seem to enjoy the airplane the way he used to. There was a time when you knew... just by watching the way Halloran handled the controls... that he loved flying. Now it is different. Halloran's lips are tight. The muscles in his cheeks are twitching slightly... just enough for Hyer to see them.

HYER
You want me to take it up?

HALLORAN
No.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Halloran's plane has reached the end of the runway. It turns and taxis onto the runway itself. It comes to a stop. All of the planes are beginning to rev up their engines. They are like giant insects... buzzing in a line.

CUT TO:

56 INT. COCKPIT

Halloran is tense... as he pushes forward on the throttles. This is the final check.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

The engines are straining... and the body of the plane is beginning to tremble. Halloran is looking out the window at the left engine. Hyer is watching the muscles in Halloran's cheeks.

HALLORAN
Listen to number one.

Hyer strains forward... and looks over Halloran's shoulder. They are both looking at the engine. The propeller is spinning. Nothing looks out of the ordinary.

HYER
What's wrong?

HALLORAN
I don't know. Something doesn't sound right.

VOICE
Leader, this is tower. Over.

HALLORAN
One second, tower. Over.
(to Hyer)
Check the RPM's.

HYER
RPM's normal.

HALLORAN
Oil pressure.

HYER
Oil pressure normal.

VOICE
Leader, this is tower. Over.

HALLORAN
Lucas... you listening to number one?

CUT TO:

57 TOP BUBBLE

Lucas is straining to hear the engine.

LUCAN
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN (V.O.)
Something doesn't sound right.

LUCAS
I can't tell from here. How are the gauges?

HALLORAN (V.O.)
Gauges are okay.

LUCAS
I can't tell from here.

CUT TO:

58 NOSE BUBBLE

CIMINO
I hear something wrong. I hear everything wrong.

CUT TO:

59 COCKPIT

HALLORAN
Something's not right. Sometimes the gauges don't show it.

VOICE
Leader, this is tower. Please answer. Over.

HALLORAN
Roger, tower... this is leader. Over.

VOICE
Begin take-off.

HALLORAN
I got a prcblem with my number one. I'm coming back. Over.

Hyer stares at Halloran.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Halloran's plane veers off the runway... and heads back.

VOICE
Roger, leader. Patman... you are leader. Over.

PATMAN (V.O.)
Roger, tower. Over.

VOICE
Begin take-off. Over.

PATMAN (V.O.)
Roger, tower.

Patman's plane... the one that was behind Halloran... revs up its engines... and starts down the runway. The others close ranks... and start to follow. Halloran's plane is taxiing in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXTREME CLOSEUP - FACE

The face of a MAN FILLS THE SCREEN. It is a blond face... with blue eyes staring out from under blond eyebrows. The eyes are terror struck. The face is covered with perspiration. A violent yellow-white light is striking the face from directly above... casting dense black shadows under the eyebrows... under the nose... and under the mouth. Beads of sweat are running down the Man's forehead.

VOICE
(German)
Once again... your name?

MAN
(German)
Keller... Helmut Keller.

VOICE
(German)
Where were you born?

MAN
(German)
Essen.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. We can SEE that the Man is directly under a conical metal hanging lamp.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

He is a German officer. His collar is undone... and we can SEE his neck... which is drenched with perspiration.

VOICE
(German)
When?

MAN
(German)
1908.

VOICE
(German)
Rank?

MAN
(German)
Major.

The Man is in this pool of hot light. Everything around him is totally black. He cannot see who is interrogating him. The harsh light is making him squint.

VOICE
(German)
Mother's name?

MAN
(German)
Ruth.

VOICE
(German)
Father's name?

MAN
(German)
Carl.

VOICE
(German)
What are you doing here?

MAN
(German)
I've told you time and time again.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

VOICE
(German)
You will keep telling me.

The perspiration has dripped from his eyebrows into his eyes... the salt stinging his eyes.

MAN
(German)
I am here under orders of General Wallheim.

VOICE
(German)
What orders?

MAN
(German)
I've showed you the papers.

VOICE
(German)
Papers can be forged.

MAN
(German)
These are not.

VOICE
(German)
What are these orders?

MAN
(German)
I've told you. General Wallheim asked that I give these papers to you. You are to deposit them in your safe... and give me a receipt. That is all. There is nothing more.

VOICE
(German)
We know who you are.

MAN
(German)
I told you who I am.

The voice of the interrogator is now a scream.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

VOICE
(German)
Do you think we are stupid?

MAN
(German)
I told you who I am. Look at my papers... that's all...

VOICE
(German)
And I told you! We know who you are!

MAN
(German)
I don't understand why you are questioning me like this. My name is Helmut Keller... I am a Major... I am here under orders from General Wallheim.

VOICE
(German)
Stop lying!

The Man... clearly rattled... reaches in his pocket for a package of cigarettes. His hands are trembling slightly.

VOICE
(continuing; the same voice... this time in English)
Please don't smoke.

The Man puts the cigarettes back in his pocket.

The light over his head is snapped off... and the lights in the room go on. The Man realizes he has made a mistake ... and looks terribly embarrassed. Sitting across a desk from him... we SEE the interrogator... Sellinger... rubbing his brow.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Lieutenant Wells... English is a language you do not understand. You have never spoken a word of it in your life. They didn't teach you English in Essen.

Wells slumps in the chair. He feels like an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (4)

SELLINGER
(continuing)
You are never to speak English ... or respond to English. Even around here. No matter who is talking to you... if it is in English... you do not understand. I don't care if it is the P.M. himself who is talking to you. One slip like that... and you are quite dead.

Wells looks sheepish. Sellinger stretches and stands up.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
All right... lesson over. It's time we took a break.

Sellinger walks to the door. Wells remains seated... looking at Sellinger. Sellinger looks back at him.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Don't be discouraged. You are really doing fine... just fine.

Wells just looks at him.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Come on... I'll pay for the tea.

Wells does not respond.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Come on... it's all right.

Wells looks at him quizzically.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Lieutenant Wells... class is over for the afternoon.

Wells still sits there... looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (5)

SELLINGER
(continuing; this time in German)
Let's go get some tea.

Wells stands up and goes to the door. Both men look at each other. Sellinger is the first to smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret and Sellinger are sitting on the edge of Sarah's bed. The room is lit by a single amber nightlight. In the orange shadows... Sarah is under a quilt... in the middle of a convention of stuffed animals.

MARGARET
Now listen, you creature... it is late. If you want Christmas morning to come... you have to go to sleep.

SARAH
I can't sleep.

SELLINGER
I know... except you have to. Saint Nicholas will not bring you anything until you are asleep.

SARAH
Why?

MARGARET
It's the rules.

SARAH
I just want to say hello to him.

MARGARET
He's busy.

SARAH
Will the Germans shoot him while he's flying?

SELLINGER
No... no... of course not.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

SARAH
I don't really care what I get... I mean, anything will make me happy.

MARGARET
(smiling)
Of course, there's nothing in particular that you want.

SARAH
Oh, no... nothing in particular ... anything would make me happy.
(pause)
Uh... it would be nice, though ... if I had a little friend of my own... to play with.

MARGARET
I'll have another baby.

SARAH
(giggling)
You know what I mean... not a real person... just a... you know.

Margaret leans down and kisses Sarah.

MARGARET
I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about.

Sarah kisses her mother again.

MARGARET
(continuing)
Now, good night, old friend. Dream the sweetest dreams. Tomorrow is Christmas... and I'll break both your arms and your legs if you don't go to sleep now.

Margaret gets up... and goes to the window to check the thick black-out shades. Sellinger takes Sarah in his arms.

SELLINGER
Well, young lady... even if you're not tired... I am.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH
Wait 'til you see what I got you.

SELLINGER
If it's from you... I will love it.

He kisses her... and lays her head back on her pillow.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Good night.

SARAH
Good night.

Sellinger gets up... and meets Margaret at the door. They both pause at the doorway to look at Sarah.

SARAH
(continuing)
I'm sound asleep.

They close the door.

CUT TO:

63 INT. SELLINGER BEDROOM

Margaret is taking off her bathrobe... getting ready to get into bed. She is wearing a pale nightgown underneath. Sellinger is in the bathroom... brushing his teeth.

SELLINGER (O.S.)
Did you put her present out for tomorrow?

MARGARET
Yes... it's right in the middle of the living room... her glazed little eyes staring at the window.

SELLINGER (O.S.)
What is she going to do with another doll?

Margaret pulls back the covers and slips into the bed.

MARGARET
God knows.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I never saw a child want anything more than she wants that doll.
(pause)
Sarah's hands are so small. I don't know... during the day... when she's running around like a maniac... she doesn't seem so small. When she's in her bed... and she's sleepy... I think she shrinks.

Margaret turns out the light on her side... leaving the lamp on Sellinger's side of the bed on.

SELLINGER (O.S.)
I know what you mean.

Margaret puts her head on the pillow... FACING THE CAMERA... her back to the bathroom.

SELLINGER (O.S.)
(continuing)
It's so strange. It's Christmas Eve... and we're fighting a war. Fighting wars never seems to make much sense. It just seems to make less sense on Christmas Eve.

Sellinger steps out of the bathroom. Margaret hears him switch off the bathroom light. She closes her eyes.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
I wonder what the other side is thinking right now.

Sellinger crosses to the bed. He gets under the covers... and turns out the light on his side.

He moves closer to her. She doesn't stir. He looks at her... and lightly touches her hair. He looks at her shoulder. He puts his arm around her... and draws her closer to him.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Good night, darling.

MARGARET
(asleep)
'Night.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

He leans over and kisses her cheek.

SELLINGER
I love you.

MARGARET
(asleep)
Love you.

He lies back. He remains motionless... listening to her steady breathing... watching the covers gently rise and fall with each breath. His eyes are open. He is making no attempt to go to sleep. He is not trying to hide the hurt on his face. He knows how terribly wrong this all is.

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES from Sellinger to Margaret. She is not asleep. Her eyes are open. A tear runs down her cheek... past the corner of her mouth... and then falls. It makes a small stain on the white pillowcase. She doesn't see her husband's face... that he is not sleeping ... that his eyes, too, are open. She doesn't have to see it. She knows.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

The club has been decorated for Christmas. There is a band, playing Glenn Miller arrangements... and playing them rather well. Everyone is in their cleanest dress uniforms. They are all dancing and drinking... (more drinking than dancing) trying desperately to be festive.

Cimino is at the bar... sitting with a W.A.C. who is nothing less than stacked. There is a collection of empty glasses in front of them. Cimino is responsible for most of them... however, he has managed to ply three into her.

With the band... and the crowds... the whole scene is over a tremendous amount of raucous noise. Cimino is plowed.

CIMINO
Harriet... you have a beautiful throat... Do you know that?

PHYLLIS
My name is Phyllis.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

CIMINO
Of course it is. You have a beautiful throat, too.

PHYLLIS
Do you want to dance?

CIMINO
Susan, my darling... normally that would be a wonderful suggestion. Under certain conditions, I am your actual Fred Astaire. However, since the injury...

PHYLLIS
What injury?

CIMINO
Oh... I don't like to talk about it.

PHYLLIS
I didn't know you were wounded.

CIMINO
Just a little shrapnel...

PHYLLIS
How come you weren't sent home if you were wounded?

CIMINO
They wanted to... I wouldn't go. Nothing will keep me from flying.

PHYLLIS
(touched)
Lieutenant... that's... that's really very...

CIMINO
Paula, my sweet... it's nothing to make a fuss about. Sometimes the pain... what's life without pain, I always say. How about another drinky?

Hyer comes over... a little frayed. He has his arm around a sleepy-looking W.A.C. Another W.A.C. is with them.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

CIMINO
Of course it is. You have a beautiful throat, too.

PHYLLIS
Do you want to dance?

CIMINO
Susan, my darling... normally that would be a wonderful suggestion. Under certain conditions, I am your actual Fred Astaire. However, since the injury...

PHYLLIS
What injury?

CIMINO
Oh... I don't like to talk about it.

PHYLLIS
I didn't know you were wounded.

CIMINO
Just a little shrapnel...

PHYLLIS
How come you weren't sent home if you were wounded?

CIMINO
They wanted to... I wouldn't go. Nothing will keep me from flying.

PHYLLIS
(touched)
Lieutenant... that's... that's really very...

CIMINO
Paula, my sweet... it's nothing to make a fuss about. Sometimes the pain... what's life without pain, I always say. How about another drinky?

Hyer comes over... a little frayed. He has his arm around a sleepy-looking W.A.C. Another W.A.C. is with them.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

HYER
Hey, Cimino... I need some help.

CIMINO
Hyer... Hello, Hyer... have you met Barbara?

PHYLLIS
Phyllis.

CIMINO
Have you ever seen such a throat?

Hyer leans close to Cimino's ear.

HYER
Cimino... listen, I got this one all primed. Except she won't leave her friend alone ... and...

CIMINO
Hyer... I've always harbored a suspicion that blue eyes don't see so good... too much inbreeding. Have you taken a good look at Dorothy?

HYER
Phyllis.

CIMINO
Right... that happens to be an architectural marvel right there.

HYER
What am I going to do?

CIMINO
What about Halloran? Give one to Halloran.

HYER
I don't know...

Cimino springs up from the bar stool.

CIMINO
It's a terrific idea.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

He grabs Phyllis.

CIMINO
(continuing)
Come on, Rita... we'll all go over and be with Halloran.

Cimino stumbles away from the bar. Hyer takes his girl ... the other one still trailing behind. They weave their way through the crowd of people dancing.

PHYLLIS
Hey... I thought you had an injured leg.

CIMINO
My God... I can walk again!

Cimino leads the charge across to the far end of the club. Halloran is sitting alone at a table... nursing a half empty bottle of beer. A cigarette is dangling from his brooding mouth.

They all sit down... the extra girl is forced by Hyer to sit next to Halloran. He doesn't look up.

CIMINO
(continuing)
Ladies... this is our leader ... Leader... these are our ladies...

HYER
(pushing the extra girl toward him)
This is Elizabeth. Elizabeth ... meet Halloran.

ELIZABETH
Hi.

HALLORAN
Hello.

CIMINO
And this is Audrey.

PHYLLIS
Phyllis.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (5)

ELIZABETH
(to Halloran)
Have you ever been to Chicago?

HALLORAN
No... no, I haven't.

He is watching the front door.

CIMINO
(to Phyllis)
Where is your patriotism?
The allied morale is at stake
here.

PHYLLIS
I think I'm a little tipsy.
I wanna stay here.

CIMINO
Marion... perhaps you're a spy.

ELIZABETH
(to Halloran)
Are you feeling all right?

HALLORAN
Yes...

CIMINO
(to Phyllis)
Let me put it another way.
Let's fool around.

PHYLLIS
Okay.

CIMINO
There is a God.

Halloran sees some of the men from the day's bombing run enter the club together. His face becomes more intense.

HYER
They're back.

Halloran is watching them make their boisterous entrance. He is searching for someone in particular.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

Halloran nods. It is obvious he is not in a gregarious mood. It is obvious to anybody except the people at the table. The girl, Elizabeth, thinks Halloran is very attractive.

ELIZABETH
I'm from Evanston. That's near Chicago. Where are you from?

HALLORAN
New York.

HYER
Elizabeth worked on the decorations.

HALLORAN
They're very nice.

HYER
Nice! Why, Elizabeth and some of the nurses took a plain old officer's club... and with the simple use of some crepe paper and some cardboard reindeer... they transformed it into an officer's club with a lot of crepe paper and cardboard reindeer.

Halloran is watching the front door... as if he is waiting for someone to come in. Cimino is so drunk he can hardly talk.

CIMINO
(looking at Phyllis)
Have you ever seen a throat like Hillary's? Teresa, my darling... let's go someplace where we can be alone.

PHYLLIS
I want to stay here.

CIMINO
It's Christmas... and I am your actual serviceman alone overseas.

PHYLLIS
I want to stay here.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (6)

HALLORAN
Where's Patman?

HYER
He'll be here in a minute... don't worry.

PHYLLIS
Who's Patman?

CIMINO
Patman... my luscious Linda... is the brave soul who flew lead instead of us this fine day... because of a port engine with a holiday spirit.

HALLORAN
I don't see him.

HYER
He'll be here... in a minute.

Halloran gets up from the table.

HALLORAN
(to Elizabeth)
Excuse me.

Halloran walks across the dance floor. The band is playing "Pennsylvania 6-5000." The crowd is getting collectively drunker. Halloran is bumping into people as he makes his way.

A huge Second Lieutenant with a crew cut has just gotten his beer from the bartender. Halloran walks up to him.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Hey, Beef...

BEEF
How you doing, Halloran?

HALLORAN
How did it go today?

BEEF
(shaking his head)
Not so good. We lost three.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (7)

Beef drinks his beer from the bottle.

BEEF
(continuing)
You are one lucky son of a bitch... let me tell you.

HALLORAN
Where's Patman?

BEEF
(finishing the bottle)
One lucky son of a bitch...

HALLORAN
Where's Patman?

BEEF
I never saw an airplane break up into so many little pieces.

HALLORAN
What are you talking about?

BEEF
He took a direct hit... must have been in the bomb bay... with a full load.

HALLORAN
He could have bailed out. Maybe he bailed out.

BEEF
Not a chance. I never saw so many little pieces.

He takes a swig of another bottle.

BEEF
(continuing)
Where's Cimino? I'm gonna tell him. If it wasn't for that engine of yours... it would have been you instead of Patman. I'm gonna tell Cimino to go kiss that engine.

Halloran turns away from Beef.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (8)

He is glazed. He starts across the officer's club... oblivious to everyone around him. Everybody is shouting "Pennsylvania 6-5000"... every time the band gets to that part of the chorus.

Halloran is in a trance... as he goes by his table. Hyer grabs him.

HYER
Hey... what's the matter?

Halloran looks into his eyes.

HALLORAN
You heard it... didn't you? On the port side... something was wrong... you heard it...

HYER
Sure... sure... sit down... take it easy...

Halloran grabs Cimino... who is totally glazed.

HALLORAN
You heard it. You heard something wrong... didn't you?

CIMINO
(grinning)
Every time an engine starts up, I hear something wrong.

Halloran looks at the girls at the table. His face is white. He lets go of Cimino.

HALLORAN
There was something... there was...

Halloran bolts from the table... and out the door... almost knocking someone down. Hyer goes after him. Cimino thinks this is all in fun.

CIMINO
Ladies... let's follow the leader. Come on, Francine.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Halloran bursts through the door... running like a wild man. The yellow light from the doorway splashes on the cold ground... and then is wiped away as the door closes again. We can HEAR Halloran's BREATHING as he runs.

The yellow light and the SOUNDS of "Pennsylvania 6-5000" spill out again... and Hyer runs out after Halloran. He calls to him.

HYER
Halloran! What happened?

Halloran keeps running. Cimino and the girls careen through the door... all giggling. They think this is all part of the festivities.

Halloran races across the field... the lights and SOUNDS of the officer's club growing FAINTER in the blue-black of the night. Steam is coming out of his mouth. He comes to the long line of parked B-25's.

They look eerie in the moonlight. Crews of mechanics are working on them... each one under a bare white light ... pools of blackness between them. They look like a line of bodies in a huge open air morgue... all undergoing autopsies.

The port engine cowling has been removed from Halloran's plane. A MECHANIC in a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball hat is inspecting the insides of the engine, with a flashlight.

Halloran's eyes are flashing as he grabs the MECHANIC.

MECHANIC
Lieutenant?...

HALLORAN
You found it... didn't you?

MECHANIC
I... I... don't know yet...

HALLORAN
You found it... Goddamn you...
you found it... right?

Hyer arrives. Halloran pushes the Mechanic against the airplane... holding him by his shirt. The Mechanic is looking at Halloran like he is face to face with a mugger in a dark alley.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

MECHANIC
Lieutenant... please...

HALLORAN
(shouting)
Tell me you found it!

Hyer goes to Halloran and tries to restrain him.

HYER
Take it easy... take it...

Halloran violently shakes loose and goes after the Mechanic again.

HALLORAN
The port engine! The port engine!

MECHANIC
Please... I...

Hyer grabs Halloran again. Cimino has arrived with the girls. He sees Hyer struggling with Halloran.

HALLORAN
(screaming)
Tell me you found it! Tell me!

CIMINO
Hey... I wanna play, too... excuse me, Flo... I'm gonna play... don't go away.

Cimino stumbles over and joins Hyer in wrestling Halloran. Halloran is fighting with all his strength to break Hyer's hold. The addition of Cimino is too much for him. They get him on the ground.

HYER
Everything's okay... don't worry...

CIMINO
Let's do two out of three falls.

HALLORAN
(screaming)
I heard it! I heard it! Patman, I swear to you... I heard it!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

HYER
Easy... it's all right.

HALLORAN
(screaming)
Believe me, Patman!

The girls think this is funny... and they are snickering. Hyer and Cimino lift Halloran to his feet. Halloran holds onto them weakly. The Mechanic is still against the airplane... watching this apparition in disbelief.

Hyer begins to lead Halloran away... helped by Cimino, who is eager to play another game.

CIMINO
Where we going? We gonna play again?

HYER
Just rest... don't worry...

HALLORAN
I heard it, Patman.

Hyer leads him farther away. The Mechanic leans down and picks up his flashlight. It is broken. He straightens his Dodgers baseball hat. He looks at the receding figures of Halloran, Cimino and Hyer... followed by the three girls.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Goddamn you! Goddamn you, Patman!

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

There are bars over the windows... and a metal grating in front of the bars. The windows are small... and they are at the ceiling... giving the feeling that we are in the basement of this warehouse. The grey afternoon is broken up as it passes through the bars and the grating... and it paints a pattern of heavy stripes and thin checks on the wooden floor.

There are a bunch of slatted wooden crates on the floor... no furniture. A bare worklight on a metal stand is in the middle of the room. It looks like an off-Broadway stage during rehearsal. There are three men in the warehouse... Sellinger, Wells and HARRY PIKE.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

Harry Pike was obviously a mistake. He was supposed to have been born a ferret. Instead, he turned out to be a person. Two coal black berries for eyes... flank a thin nose that always looks like it is sniffing something. He is a thin... gaunt... bent little man... who always twitches from one place to another. Pike is standing in front of a row of different kinds of safes... that are all lined up on the floor... near the worklight. He speaks with a thick Liverpool accent.

PIKE
Now... you 'ave your basic types wif which you could be confronted. It is important to remember... that anyfing what was made to be locked... can be unlocked.

He points to one of the safes.

PIKE
(continuing)
Now... you got your two main types. You got your combination ... and your key lock. Your combination works on a series of what you call tumblers. Now you have to first find out if it is a three or four number combination... and then if you first go to your right or your left.

He caresses the safe as he talks to it... running a nicotine-stained finger along its corners.

PIKE
(continuing)
Then you have your key lock ... which is simply a matter of finding the proper key. In the absence of a key... a problem which has confronted a lot of different folks... there are certain rather delicate instruments which will do a right proper job. Then it is a matter of learning how to use them.
(pause)
Mind you... my personal preference is to blow the damn things up.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

Sellinger, who is seated on a crate... next to Wells... leans forward.

SELLINGER
Harry... we want to look at something that's inside the safe... without the people who own it knowing about it. Don't you think that blowing it up might arouse some suspicion?

PIKE
You got a point there.

SELLINGER
How long will it take to learn how to open one?

PIKE
Well now... you 'ave to understand openin' these things ain't the sort of thing just any old bloke can do. It's what you might call a gift... if I do say so myself.

SELLINGER
Let's say Lieutenant Wells is gifted.

PIKE
If it's your key locks... a couple o' days. If it's your combination... I'd say about six months.

Sellinger takes out a slip of paper... and begins to read from it.

SELLINGER
The safe we are interested in is a... 'Kohner 335.'

PIKE
'At's a Gerry safe.

SELLINGER
Yes, Harry... you may have noticed we happen to be at war with them.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

PIKE
You got a point there.

SELLINGER
Which is it?

PIKE
You 'appen to be in luck. It's a key lock. Any school kid could crack it. As a matter of fact, I cracked one just like it when I was a school kid.

Pike reaches in his pocket and takes out a small leather case. He unzips it... revealing a set of thin metal picks. He removes one of them.

PIKE
(continuing)
Now, 'ere you 'ave before your very eyes your pick.

Pike leans down to one of the safes.

PIKE
(continuing)
'Ere you 'ave your safe what is almost exactly like a Kohner 335.

He puts the pick in the lock.

PIKE
(continuing)
You insert your pick in your Kohner 335... you feel your way through the elements... for your own personal information, there 'appen to be four... you feel one... two... three...

There is a soft CLICK.

PIKE
(continuing)
... four.

Pike pulls the brass handle down... and the door springs open.

PIKE
(continuing)
Apple pie, I tell you... bloomin' apple pie.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. ROOM AT THE INN - AFTERNOON

Halloran and Margaret are lying together... silently. Outside the closed window... a bare tree branch is bending in the winter wind. Halloran is smoking as he holds her.

MARGARET
(whispering)
When we're together... sometimes ... sometimes I feel so close... I don't know where I end and you begin.
(pause)
I never knew it could be like that... I never knew.

Halloran takes a drag of his cigarette.

MARGARET
(continuing; whispering)
I never felt anything was missing before. I was happy before I met you. I was.
(pause)
I never felt I lacked anything, I just... I just wasn't sure if this was it... if this was everything. Maybe that's why I went with you, that first day at the bus stop.
(pause)
It's so damn unfair.
(pause)
I try so hard to forget you. I try so hard.
(pause)
I wind up spending all my time trying to forget you... which is the same thing as thinking of you all the time.
(pause)
It's so damn unfair.
(pause)
I don't want to hurt anybody ... I don't want to do anything wrong... I don't want to hate myself.
(pause)
Sometimes I sit across the dinner table from him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I watch him. I want so desperately for him to do something, or say something, or be something I can hate.

Halloran finishes his cigarette, and lights another one.

MARGARET
(continuing)
And he never does. God, I've hurt him so much. Sometimes I look up... and he just turns away... quickly... As if he didn't want to be caught looking.
(pause)
Sometimes I hate myself... and I wish I never had met you.
(pause)
And then I'm with you... and it's so strong... and I don't ever want to let go. I hold you... so closely... and I close my eyes... and I don't know what is me, and what is you.
(pause)
Why doesn't it work out the way it's supposed to?

Halloran rubs the back of his hand against his face. He doesn't talk for a long time.

HALLORAN
I don't know. I don't know how it's supposed to work out.
(pause)
I never cared too much about anything... so I never had anything to lose.
(pause)
I don't even know anymore what I heard in that engine. A few months ago... the whole propeller could have fallen off, and I wouldn't have turned back.

Halloran lights another cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

HALLORAN
(continuing)
It's so damn easy to be brave, when you don't have anything to lose.
(pause)
I'm scared now. I don't want to die, and not see you anymore.
(pause)
Nothing makes any sense until I'm with you... and then everything makes sense.
(pause)
I don't want to let go of you. I just want to be with you all the time.

MARGARET
You'd be disappointed.

HALLORAN
Maybe you would be.

MARGARET
I don't know... You'd fall out of love with me, if you saw me with curlers on my head.

HALLORAN
I don't know anything... except that I want to see you with curlers on your head... or wherever else you want to put them. I want to be with you when you have a cold. I don't want to wake up in the morning ... and not be sure if I'm going to see you that evening. I'm tired of missing you... and I don't even know your last name.

He puts his arms around her.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I'm all in pieces... and I want you to put me back together.

She kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

MARGARET
Hold me now... and make everything outside go away.

They kiss again.

HALLORAN
On the way in to see you... I was trying to find a way to tell you we shouldn't see each other anymore.

They kiss again.

MARGARET
I did the same thing.

They kiss... longer this time... lingering on each other's mouth. They close their eyes. They start to make love. Outside the window... there is the FAINT DRONE of a flight of B-25's... going over the Channel.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. COLONEL BART'S OFFICE - DAY

You can see how much Bart is enjoying all this. You can see it in the way he is stretching back in his chair... by the amount of time he is talking before he says anything. He is watching Halloran... who is sitting across from his desk... attacking a spot on the arm rest of the green chair. Bart is savoring his comfort, as much as he is savoring Halloran's discomfort.

BART
Nice to see you, Lieutenant Halloran.

HALLORAN
Nice to see you, sir.

BART
I... ah... have a little problem.

HALLORAN
Yes, sir?

BART
It's a mission...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

BART (CONT'D)
... a special mission. The... ah... group sent word they needed a volunteer.
(pause)
It's... ah... considered to be a bit risky... so they wanted it put on a voluntary basis. It's for tonight.

Bart watches Halloran.

BART
(continuing)
About the other day... Lieutenant. I checked with the mechanic. Strange... he couldn't find anything wrong with your port engine.

Bart watches Halloran's knuckles whiten as he rubs the spot on his arm rest.

BART
(continuing)
If you felt something was wrong... then I'm sure there was something.
(pause)
If you heard it... I mean, a mechanic isn't a pilot... right?
(pause)
I never pay any attention to rumors. Never. Of course, there has been some talk around. You know how a base is... you can't pay any attention to that kind of talk. I don't believe for a moment that you made the whole thing up about that engine... not one word. That's just gossip.

Bart is sipping every moment... like it is vintage wine. He pauses to watch the hate in Halloran's eyes.

BART
(continuing)
Where was I?... Oh, yes...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

BART (CONT'D)
... about the mission tonight. I knew you would want to volunteer for it. Not that you have anything to prove, mind you... it's just that I knew you would want to go.
(pause)
I told operations to have the engines double checked this afternoon... so I'm quite sure you won't be disappointed again tonight, and have to cancel the flight.

Halloran is staring at the mark he has made in the arm rest. He looks up at Bart... who is smiling benignly at him.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Sellinger is walking with Major Trumbo. They are wearing heavy coats. There are few people in the park. The sky is grey. There are deep patches of brown, in what will be grass in the spring. The trees are leafless. Sellinger has his hands in his pockets to keep warm. Trumbo is wearing brown leather gloves.

TRUMBO
Is he ready?

SELLINGER
I think he's as ready as he is ever going to be.

TRUMBO
What do you mean by that?

SELLINGER
I can't be too specific. There is nothing wrong with Wells. He does everything the way he is supposed to. I would simply prefer him to be a bit more spontaneous.

TRUMBO
Spontaneous.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

SELLINGER
Once you teach him something, he learns it. However... I'm not totally sure how he will react if something occurs that he isn't prepared for.

TRUMBO
Well, then... let's hope you have prepared him for everything.

SELLINGER
That would be nice.

Trumbo takes out his pipe... and his pouch of tobacco. He starts to fill the pipe.

TRUMBO
New stuff, this. Supposed to be a cooler smoke.

He lights the pipe.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
We're not going to send Wells on a regular flight. I'm afraid we have to be a bit paranoid about the leak in Intelligence. We're going to drop him in a totally different way.

He puffs on the pipe.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
If this stuff is cool... I'd hate to see what they call hot.

He taps the pipe against his heel... emptying the tobacco from the bowl. He puts the empty pipe back in his mouth.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
We're not going to use Intelligence for the flight. Chaps don't even know about it. We're not even going to use a transport aircraft. As a matter of fact... we're not even going to use a British aircraft.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

They walk on for a few steps.

TRUMBO
(continuing)
I say, Sellinger... do you mind coming with me across the street? There's a tobacconist over there.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SELLINGER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sellinger walks in his small... rather comfortable office. It is cluttered. However... the clutter is not from sloppiness... it is from collecting all kinds of little things... and not wanting to part with them.

Sellinger takes his coat off... and hangs it on a hook, behind the door. He goes over and sits behind his desk. He looks at a silver frame that is standing on his desk ... resting on a green felt blotter. He picks the frame up. It is a photograph of Margaret. She is smiling at him. He puts the frame back. He reaches in his breast pocket... and takes out the handkerchief with the thin brown stripes, that Sarah had given him for Christmas. He looks at the handkerchief. He reaches for the telephone.

CUT TO:

71 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The hospital ward was never supposed to house this many beds. They are squeezed together so tightly... that a wounded soldier in one bed, can reach out and touch the man in the bed next to him. Nurses in white starch show the strains of having too many patients to care for. Doctors in groups make the rounds of the various beds... picking up metal charts, and cracking vain jokes to the men who look at them hopefully.

Margaret is carrying two trays of food. She places one on the bedstand of a MAN who has bandages over one eye, and his forehead.

MARGARET
Hello, ducks.

MAN (PATIENT)
What is it today?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

MARGARET
I hope you like potatoes.

She goes on to the next bed... and places the tray down.

MARGARET
(continuing)
Your dinner is served, M'Lord.

MAN #2 (PATIENT)
I'll take it in the study, thank you.

She goes to the next bed. A man is unconscious... being fed through an intravenous bottle of clear liquid. She looks at his face. He looks like he is sixteen.

A HOSPITAL VOLUNTEER... wearing the same kind of uniform ... walks up to Margaret.

VOLUNTEER
There's a phone call for you, Margaret.

MARGARET
Where?

VOLUNTEER
At the Nurses' Station.

CUT TO:

72 NURSES' STATION (HOSPITAL) - DAY

Margaret hurries to the telephone. The Nurses' Station is located at the end of the ward. It is a counter... where the records are kept. The NOISE from the ward.. the CLATTER of nurses and doctors taking and returning the records... is so loud... it is difficult to hear the telephone. Margaret picks up the receiver.

MARGARET
Hello?
(pause)
I can't hear you... it's madness here.
(pause)
Is that you, Paul?

CUT TO:

73 INT. SELLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sellinger is holding the photograph of Margaret... the receiver is cradled in his shoulder.

SELLINGER
Yes... yes... can you hear me now?

MARGARET (V.O.)
Yes. You have to speak up.

SELLINGER
(loudly)
Is this all right?

MARGARET (V.O.)
Yes... it's fine. Is anything the matter?

SELLINGER
No. Nothing. I had no special reason for calling. I'm sorry if I've disturbed you. I just wanted to hear your voice... that's all.

CUT TO:

74 INT. NURSES' STATION (HOSPITAL) - DAY

The color drains from Margaret's cheeks. She holds the receiver with both hands.

MARGARET
Don't be silly... you haven't disturbed me. I'm glad to hear your voice, too.

SELLINGER (V.O.)
I love you, Margaret.

MARGARET
I... I love you, too.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SELLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

SELLINGER
I know I'm not that special.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MARGARET (V.O.)
What are you talking about? Of course you're special.

SELLINGER
No, I'm not, and we both know it. It's just my curse to be so damned ordinary.

MARGARET (V.O.)
Paul...

SELLINGER
I do so want to be dashing. It's not that I don't want to be. I can't blame you for finding me unexciting.

CUT TO:

76 INT. NURSES' STATION (HOSPITAL) - DAY

Margaret is holding onto the counter for support.

MARGARET
Oh, Paul... I don't know why you are saying this. You're very special... and very dashing...

A LOUDSPEAKER BLARES.

VOICE
Mrs. Sellinger. Ward four, please.

SELLINGER (V.O.)
I didn't mean to disturb you.

MARGARET
Paul... please... I'm so glad you called...

VOICE
Mrs. Sellinger. Ward four, please.

MARGARET
Paul... I'm sorry... they're calling me.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

SELLINGER (V.O.)
I understand, darling. I'll talk to you later. I love you.

MARGARET
Paul...

She hears a CLICK. She stares at the receiver.

CUT TO:

77 INT. SELLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sellinger places the receiver back on the phone cradle. He puts the framed photograph back on the green desk blotter. He studies it for a moment. Then he takes a piece of paper... and writes a note. He finishes it... puts it in an envlope. He seals the envelope... and puts it in his pocket. He pushes a button on his intercom.

VOICE
Yes, Captain Sellinger?

SELLINGER
Get me Lieutenant Wells on the line, please.

CUT TO:

78 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

They make the cockpit dials light up red for night flying ... so the pilot can see the dials... and also see out the window. Halloran's face is glowing red, from the dials... as he and Hyer are in their pre-flight check. They are busy.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Hey... it's dark out.

HALLORAN
No kidding?

CIMINO (V.O.)
Really... I wouldn't fool you.

HYER
How come we're the only plane taking off?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
This is a special mission.

HYER
Lucky us.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Hey, listen... when it's dark out... you can bump into things.

HALLORAN
I'll be careful.

HYER
Where are the bombs? We have no bombs on board. We're a bomber... we're supposed to drop bombs. Where are the bombs?

CIMINO (V.O.)
No bombs... I like that. You know bombs are dangerous... on account of the fact that they can blow up.

HALLORAN
Both of you, shut up, please. We're waiting for an English guy named Wells. You're going to drop him... instead of bombs.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I like that... dropping a person instead of a bomb... on account of the fact that people don't blow up, like bombs do.

HALLORAN
Starting port engine.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

The Mechanic with the Dodgers baseball hat is keeping a wary distance from Halloran... as he watches the propeller start to turn on the left engine. The right engine is started... and both of them are revved up.

CUT TO:

80 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Halloran is watching the engines from his window. He sees the Mechanic standing at a distance.

GILER (V.O.)
How do they sound, sir?

HALLORAN
They sound fine. Even if they don't sound fine, they sound fine.
(pause)
Where the hell is that English guy?

CIMINO (V.O.)
It's dark out. Maybe he's not so stupid.

HYER
Over there...

CUT TO:

81 EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

A grey Army sedan drives across the field... through the pools of light and darkness. Halloran drops out of the belly hatch... and crawls under the nose of the plane... to avoid the spinning propellers. The wind they are creating kicks up dust behind them. The noise is almost deafening.

The car pulls up near the plane and stops. The driver ... a Corporal, gets out... and opens the door for Colonel Bart... and a man wearing the uniform of a German SS officer.

Halloran salutes Colonel Bart... who returns the salute.

HALLORAN
Hello, Colonel... is this Wells?

BART
No... there's been a change of some kind. This is Captain Sellinger. Captain... this is Lieutenant Halloran.

The two men shake hands. Sellinger smiles eagerly at Halloran.

CUT TO:

82 INT. SELLINGER HOME - NIGHT

Margaret comes in the door... and puts her umbrella in the small stand in the foyer. Sarah hears the door... and races barefoot across the tile floor from her room. She is wearing a pink quilted robe.

SARAH
Mommy! Mommy!

She jumps into her mother's arms. Margaret hugs her and kisses her.

MARGARET
Mmm, your hair smells good.

SARAH
Mrs. Carlin washed it and got soap in my eyes.

MARGARET
Did you cry?

SARAH
Wouldn't you cry if Mrs. Carlin got soap in your eyes?

MARGARET
Yes... I guess I would. Where's Daddy?

SARAH
He came home early... and then went out. Mrs. Carlin gave me dinner... and was putting me to sleep, when you came home.

MARGARET
Did Daddy say where he was going?

SARAH
He left a note... on the pillow. I think that's romantic.

Margaret puts Sarah down and walks across the hall.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sealed envelope is on the quilted pillow. Margaret sits down on the bed as she opens it. She knows something is wrong... and she doesn't know why she knows it. Sarah jumps on her lap.

SARAH
What does Daddy say?

Margaret's eyes widen as she reads the note. She trembles.

SARAH
(continuing)
Is it mushy?

MARGARET
Daddy... Daddy has to go away ... on a little trip.

SARAH
When will he be back?

MARGARET
Soon... soon.

SARAH
Will he bring me something? Your coat is all wet.

It is the first time Margaret realizes she has forgotten to take off her coat.

MARGARET
Oh...

Sarah jumps off her lap.

SARAH
I did a painting of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. In orange. Have you ever seen an orange Tyrannosaurus Rex?

Sarah runs to the doorway.

SARAH
(continuing)
Come, Mommy. Look at it.

Margaret goes to the doorway... staring at the note as she goes.

SARAH
(continuing)
Mommy... come on!

CUT TO:

84 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The plane makes its reluctant way through the black sky. The Channel is collecting pinspots of moonlight on its waves. Hyer is watching Halloran fly. He is different. He seems to be relieved to be flying again. He is more relaxed.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I don't mean to be pushy... that Englishman we've got on board... he isn't an Englishman ... he's your actual Kraut. You can tell by the little lightning bolts on his collar.

HALLORAN
I forgot to tell you. We've decided that the Germans can't lose... so we're going to be on their side.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Oh... good... I like the uniforms.

HALLORAN
Captain Sellinger... you okay?

CUT TO:

85 BELLY COMPARTMENT

Sellinger is sitting quietly... playing with the straps on his parachute.

SELLINGER
Quite well, thank you, Lieutenant.

HALLORAN (V.O.)
We're over the French coast. We'll steer clear of any German positions.

CIMINO (V.O.)
I'm beginning to think this is not such a crazy mission.

HALLORAN (V.O.)
When the time comes... we'll remove the belly hatch.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
That's where you'll drop through. Remember... keep your arms in tight to your body... until you're clear of the props.

SELLINGER
I shall remember that. Thank you.

CUT TO:

86 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Halloran looks out through the windows... at the stars. He is comfortable flying. Hyer is tired. He folds his hands behind his head... and leans back. He closes his eyes.

The sky lights up a yellow-white. Halloran's face reflects the flash. The sky goes black again. There is another flash. Then there is the SOUND of the EXPLOSION.

The airplane shudders violently in the flack. One by one... searchlight beams strain upward and cross each other from the ground. The plane is shaking like it is a toy in the hand of a child with a temper tantrum.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Oh... Jesus Christ.

Halloran's face goes from yellow-white of the flashes to the deep red of the gauge lights. His lips are tight... as he fights to gain control of the aircraft. Hyer has woken up with a start. Sellinger is being bounced around the belly compartment. Halloran is tight... however, he is flying... and he is flying well. He banks sharply to the left... and then dives low. He is trying to dodge the searchlights.

The plane takes a direct HIT on the right. The SOUND is ear-shattering... and the flash is whiter than anything imaginable. The plane drops as if there was a hole in the night. Halloran pulls back on the wheel. The plane finds supportable air... and staggers forward.

HALLORAN
How bad is it?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

The plane pitches upward again... as it takes another HIT.

CIMINO (V.O.)
Oh... Jesus.

HALLORAN
(shouting)
How bad is it?

He looks over. Hyer is strapped in the co-pilot's seat. His mouth is open. Blood is gushing from it. The windows on his side of the cockpit are shattered... the shredded metal of the wall is flapping in the breeze. The WIND is HOWLING in the cockpit. Hyer's chest is ripped open. His neck is at an angle it shouldn't be. Halloran gapes at him.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
No... it's a mistake. It's all a mistake... maybe because we're flying at night... it's too dark...

CIMINO (V.O.)
Dear Jesus.

Halloran reaches out and touches Hyer's dead hand.

HALLORAN
... You're not supposed to die ... not you... don't you understand?... it's all a mistake...

Hyer's body is flapping as the airplane shakes... his head bobbing up and down... his right hand... palm up... waving on his knee.

Halloran looks around... and shouts at the night.

HALLORAN
(continuing; screaming)
Stop it! Stop it! It's a mistake! I keep telling you ... it's all a mistake!

CIMINO (V.O.)
... Oh... Jesus...

SELLINGER (V.O.)
Lieutenant Halloran! Lieutenant Halloran! Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

Halloran snaps back into awareness.

HALLORAN
Sellinger! We're hit up here. It's bad. I don't know if I can keep it flying.

SELLINGER (V.O.)
I'm afraid we've been hit back here.

HALLORAN
How bad?

SELLINGER (V.O.)
Rather bad.

HALLORAN
Giler! Lucas!

They don't answer.

SELLINGER (V.O.)
I think they're dead.

HALLORAN
Cimino! Cimino!

There is no answer. Halloran flips the automatic pilot switch. He unstraps himself... and climbs out of the cockpit. He looks in horror at Hyer before he goes.

CUT TO:

87 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Halloran dives into the passageway... and crawls down to the entrance of the nose bubble. Wind is blowing from the bubble into the passageway. It is almost black... the flashes of the anti-aircraft illuminating the way. The WIND... and the FALTERING ENGINES... and the FLACK, are a ROAR.

CUT TO:

88 INT. NOSE BUBBLE - NIGHT

The front of it is blown away. Cimino is slammed back against the entrance from the passageway. Halloran gets to him. He turns him over. Halloran starts to cry out... the words are strangled in his throat.

HALLORAN
Don't... don't do this... please... don't...

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

Sellinger crawls through the passageway. He squeezes into the entrance to the bubble. He sees Cimino.

SELLINGER
My God...

HALLORAN
He has no face.

SELLINGER
The two men back there... they are both dead.

Sellinger is shaking.

HALLORAN
He has no face.

He touches Cimino's leg. The blood is oozing through his pants.

CUT TO:

89 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Halloran pushes Sellinger through the passageway to the belly hatch. He tears at it... and finally lifts it up. A GUST of WIND SCREAMS through.

He guides Sellinger through. We almost can't hear Halloran's voice in the NOISE.

HALLORAN
Keep your arms close. Don't pull the ring until you're clear.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Halloran tumbles out through the belly of the plane. He can see the fire licking through the midsection where Giler and Lucas were. He looks down and sees Sellinger's chute open. He looks up and sees the airplane getting smaller. His chute opens... and he is jerked upward... and then settles to a slow floating fall.

The searchlights are racing back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

Halloran knows that if they spot him and Sellinger... they will have a lot of fun picking them off. Once he can swear that they have seen Sellinger... and once his face became bright... as the beam wiped across his face... however, it kept on going by.

Halloran hears the EXPLOSION... and he looks up. He sees an orange light, that used to be his airplane. He looks down in time to see the ground rush up at him... and hit his feet. He rolls over twice... and feels some twigs in his back. Sellinger is already on the ground... sitting up on his rear end. They both gather in their chutes... and hide them under some bushes.

The two of them slump against the bark of a gnarled tree ... sitting on the ground... trying to catch their breath. Sellinger is gasping for breath. Halloran looks up through the bare branches of the tree. The searchlights have gone out. The stars are winking back at him. There is not a trace of what has happened a few moments before.

HALLORAN
It's all gone. It's like someone took a vacuum cleaner and straightened out the mess. That's not right... they should have left a mark.

He can hear Sellinger's heavy breathing. Both of them look at each other. Sellinger tries to smile.

SELLINGER
Do you know where we are?

HALLORAN
I'd say about twenty miles south of Lyons.

SELLINGER
Well... that's where I have to go.

HALLORAN
I'm going to try to make my way back to the Channel... which is the other direction...

They stand up. Sellinger walks over to Halloran... who is looking up at the sky again.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

SELLINGER
I'm really sorry... I know how you must feel. I'm sorry that I caused all of this.

HALLORAN
No... it's not your fault.

He shakes Sellinger's hand.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Good luck.

SELLINGER
Thank you... thank you for everything.

Halloran turns and starts to go.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
I beg your pardon, Lieutenant. Lyons is north of here, you say?

Halloran stops.

HALLORAN
I'm pretty sure.

SELLINGER
I hate to impose on you... however, do you happen to know which way is north?

Halloran looks at him for a moment. Sellinger is smiling.

HALLORAN
Sure... that way.

SELLINGER
Thank you again.

Sellinger waves... and walks in the direction that Halloran pointed. Halloran starts to walk away again. He gets about twenty yards... when he hears the SOUND of BRANCHES SNAPPING... and a MUFFLED CRY of PAIN. He stops.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
I say... Lieutenant Halloran...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

SELLINGER (CONT'D)
I really am sorry to be such a burden on you... except I wonder if you wouldn't mind giving me a hand.

Halloran turns around and runs over to Sellinger... who is lying on the ground... his ankle caught in the brush... and twisted. Halloran frees Sellinger... who is in obvious pain. Halloran examines the ankle.

HALLORAN
I don't think it's broken. It's swollen... probably sprained. It's going to be sore for a while.
(pause)
Hey... do you mind if I ask you a question?

SELLINGER
Not at all.

HALLORAN
I was wondering... considering the fact that you don't know north from south... and you can't take ten steps without falling on your ass... I was wondering if you have ever done anything like this before.

SELLINGER
Ah... now that you mention it ... no.

HALLORAN
Wonderful.

He helps Sellinger up... and then supports him... As they both start off together, heading north.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Well, you look very spiffy in your uniform.

They limp away together.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (4)

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I don't want to go with you, you know... not one bit. You don't know what the hell you're doing... and I sure don't know what the hell I'm doing.

They get farther away.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Here I am... while we speak ... going with you. We're going to get our asses shot off.

SELLINGER
I'm really grateful to you... I really am.

HALLORAN
That's just swell.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

It is a while later. Sellinger is in worse pain... and he is getting heavier on Halloran's shoulder. Moonlight is flickering through the bare branches of the dense trees... casting an eerie plaid pattern on the ground. A German Patrol rumbles down a nearby road. Halloran and Sellinger dive for cover... and watch the sets of headlights paint the trees yellow-white. The patrol passes... Halloran pulls Sellinger up... and they walk on through the woods.

SELLINGER
How far do you think we've gone?

HALLORAN
How should I know? You're the Goddamn spy... not me. Don't you guys have some kind of magic manual that teaches you all that stuff?

SELLINGER
Yes... yes, we do.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
Didn't you ever read it?

SELLINGER
I helped write it.

HALLORAN
Well, what did it say about measuring distances?

SELLINGER
I forgot.

HALLORAN
We're going to get our asses shot off.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAWN

A thin sliver of purple light is beginning to rim the hills. The two men are exhausted. Sellinger is almost asleep on his feet. Halloran is aching. He spots a farmhouse in the distance. There is a small barn behind it. Halloran practically drags Sellinger across the field to the barn.

CUT TO:

93 INT. BARN - DAWN

Two forlorn looking cows blink their large brown eyes ... as the two men enter the barn... make their way up to the loft... and flop down on the thick hay. Sellinger is almost instantly asleep. Halloran covers him completely with hay... and then covers himself. He collapses.

CUT TO:

94 BLACK

The SCREEN is totally BLACK. We HEAR the SHRILL RING of a TELEPHONE. It RINGS again. We HEAR a CLICK... and a lamp goes on.

95 INT. SELLINGER BEDROOM

We are in the Sellinger bedroom. Margaret is waking up ... as she takes the receiver off the cradle.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

MARGARET
Hello?

TRUMBO (V.O.)
Mrs. Sellinger.

MARGARET
Yes.

TRUMBO (V.O.)
This is Major Trumbo.

MARGARET
What time is it?

TRUMBO (V.O.)
It's about five-thirty. I'm sorry to call you at this ungodly hour... however, I'm afraid I've got a bit of bad news.

MARGARET
Paul!... It's Paul!... Is he all right?

TRUMBO (V.O.)
The plane he was on was shot down.

Margaret tries to speak... however, no words come out.

TRUMBO (V.O.)
(continuing)
I have no more information than that at this time. It's quite possible that he bailed out... and he's absolutely fine. I just don't know right now.

Trumbo waits for a response... and doesn't get one.

TRUMBO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Mrs. Sellinger... are you there?

MARGARET
Yes... yes...

TRUMBO (V.O.)
As soon as I learn anything more, I will be sure to call you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

TRUMBO (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Your husband is a good man... intelligent... I'm certain he's all right.
(pause)
I just can't understand why he went in place of Wells. Don't understand it at all. Not like him to be so impulsive.
(pause)
I will call you as soon as I hear anything. I'm sure he's fine.

MARGARET
Thank you... thank you for calling.

Margaret hangs up the phone in slow motion. She walks across the hallway... her bare feet hardly making a sound on the tile floor. She opens the door to Sarah's room and looks in. Sarah is asleep... her arms around the doll she got for Christmas. Margaret stands there in the doorway.

CUT TO:

96 INT. BARN - HAYSTACK - LATE MORNING

The pile of yellow hay is striped with gold of the morning sun slanting through the slats of the barn. The sun picks up the dust and forms columns of light. Halloran and Sellinger are sound asleep. We can barely SEE their closed eyes through a thin layer of hay.

A giant boot stamps down on the hay. It misses Halloran's hand by an inch. The second boot follows. Halloran's eyes open... as the feet step over him... followed by smaller feet of a young woman. Sellinger starts to stir out of his sleep. Halloran sneaks a hand over to Sellinger... to stop him from moving. Both of them look at each other in abject horror... as they hear the VOICES of a GERMAN SOLDIER and a FRENCH GIRL.

The Girl and the Soldier are flirting and laughing... directly over Halloran and Sellinger. The Girl skips away... the Soldier runs after her. Halloran cranes his neck around... and barely catches a glimpse of the Soldier catching the Girl. They laugh. They fall in the hay... and OUT OF SIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

Halloran and Sellinger hear the SOUND of CLOTHING BEING TAKEN OFF. The Soldier's jacket falls right on top of Halloran. They hear the two of them move... the RUSTLING in the HAY grows stiller. The Soldier stops talking. The Girl stops laughing. Their BREATHING changes... it becomes rhythmical... it becomes heavy. Halloran and Sellinger look at each other... while they hear all this. The Girl starts to MOAN.

Then they hear the SHOT.

Halloran turns around under the hay... so he can see. There is the young Girl... half undressed... standing over the dead Soldier... a revolver dangling from her hand. She spits on the Soldier. She turns and walks over to pick up the dead Soldier's jacket. She accidentally steps on Sellinger's bad leg. He yells. She whirls around and points the gun at the hay. Sellinger uncovers himself. He is terrified.

SELLINGER
Je suis Anglais.

GIRL
Levez votre mains.

Sellinger raises his hands above his head.

SELLINGER
Je suis Anglais.

The Girl stares at his SS uniform.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
C'est vrai.

The Girl cocks the pistol.

SELLINGER
(continuing; to Halloran)
Do you think you could give me a hand here? She's going to kill me. She thinks I'm a German.

Halloran rises out of the hay... and smiles at the Girl.

HALLORAN
I wonder why she would think you're a German.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

The Girl points the gun at Halloran. She sees his American uniform. She looks at Sellinger... then back at Halloran, who smiles at her.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Betty Grable... Hershey bars...
Yankee Stadium... Hello Joe.

The Girl smiles at them... and lowers the gun.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. BARN - MORNING

Halloran is dressed in the dead soldier's uniform. Sellinger is limping along. The Girl is leading the way.

SELLINGER
She said she had a brother...
who was killed by the Germans.
Her father refused to do anything
about it. He's a collaborator...
out of fear more than anything
else, I should guess. She said
she is doing what her father
should be doing.

The Girl leads them to a car. It is an open German staff car.

GIRL
Son auto. Prenez.

SELLINGER
It's his car. She told us to
take it.

The Girl looks at the two of them. Halloran kisses her on the cheek.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Halloran is driving... Sellinger is sitting in the back seat. The road is lined with tall symmetrical trees.

SELLINGER
This is going to work out
rather well.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
I'm thrilled.

SELLINGER
As an SS officer... I'm entitled to an aide. You're wearing the uniform of a sergeant. It won't look at all out of place.

HALLORAN
Where won't it look out of place?

SELLINGER
At Gestapo headquarters, in Lyons.

Halloran jams on the brakes... and the car screeches to a halt.

HALLORAN
Hey, listen, friend... you have a perfect right to get killed... if that's what you want. I've got a right to stay alive.

SELLINGER
I fully appreciate the position I've placed you in, Lieutenant ... however, I don't think I can do this thing alone... because my leg is hurt... and this thing has to be done. It's that important.

Halloran shakes his head.

HALLORAN
I don't speak German... in case you haven't noticed. How am I going to fool anyone, if I can't speak German?

SELLINGER
If you don't speak to anyone ... no one will know you don't speak German. That makes sense ... doesn't it?

Halloran glowers at Sellinger. He starts to drive forward again.

HALLORAN
Shit.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. HANOVER STREET - AFTERNOON

Margaret hurries anxiously to the doorway... looking for Halloran. He isn't there. She checks her watch. Her face is drawn with anguish. She looks around. She puts her hands in her coat pocket to keep warm.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 EXT. HANOVER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Margaret is sitting in the doorway... hugging her knees. The sky is growing darker. She looks at her watch again. She looks up and down the street. Silently... she starts to cry... sitting on the paved steps. She rests her head on her knees.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NEAR LYONS - AFTERNOON

Halloran starts to light a cigarette.

SELLINGER
You'd better get rid of those cigarettes.

HALLORAN
What?

SELLINGER
And that lighter. They're American.

Halloran throws them away in frustration.

HALLORAN
Mind if I ask you something?

SELLINGER
Not at all.

HALLORAN
Why are you doing this? Why did you go instead of that guy Wells?

They drive on for a while... before Sellinger answers.

SELLINGER
It's rather complicated. I don't know how to answer that.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

HALLORAN
Try.

SELLINGER
All my life... no matter what I did... I've always been the same thing... pleasant. I'm pleasant. I was a teacher... a pleasant profession... I'm rather pleasant looking... if I do say so myself... If anyone were asked to describe me, they would say I was... pleasant.
(pause)
I never minded it that much before... except now it is beginning to hurt... more than I ever thought anything could hurt.

HALLORAN
I don't know what you mean.

SELLINGER
Take a look at yourself.

HALLORAN
I can't... I'm driving.

SELLINGER
I'm serious. You take a good look at yourself... you will see a hero.

HALLORAN
That's a lot of crap. I'm not a hero... and I don't want to be.

SELLINGER
Even if you don't want to be one... you are. You can't help it. You're the one who is ice skating on the lake, when the little boy falls in the freezing water... and you save him. I'm the one who gives you my coat to wrap him in. When it's all over... you're on the front page of the newspaper... telling everybody it really was nothing... and I have a wet coat.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

HALLORAN
You're nuts.

SELLINGER
Have you ever been in love... truly in love?

HALLORAN
Yes.

SELLINGER
I'm in love. I married a woman who is my morning... my afternoon ... and my evening. She loves me, too... in her fashion. It's just that she looks at me sometimes... and she wants me to be more than I am.
(pause)
And she's right.

They keep driving... Halloran studying him in the rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Halloran drives up to the building... and stops the car. The building is a huge block of marble and granite... with a series of steep steps that lead up to a gargoyled entrance. It looks like it used to be a courthouse of some kind. Halloran looks up at the building... and at the monstrously large red flag with the black Swastika on it... that is billowing from a brass pole over the entrance.

HALLORAN
(to himself)
You've got to be kidding.

The two of them sit in the car. What looks like the entire German Army is driving by in jeeps and armored cars... and walking on the street. Halloran doesn't move. Sellinger leans forward and whispers to him.

SELLINGER
(whispering)
You're supposed to get out and open the door for me.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

Halloran jumps out and opens the door. The two of them walk up the marble steps. Halloran stares up at the flag ... as he passes under it. He opens the glass and wooden main door for Sellinger... who walks stiffly inside.

CUT TO:

103 INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Halloran and Sellinger hear their footsteps ECHO on the polished marble floors. The light coming in through the high windows... reflects off the floors. Sellinger proceeds across the stark lobby... to the imposing main staircase... holding onto the wooden banister because of his leg. Halloran follows. On the way... some of the passing soldiers salute Sellinger... who returns the gesture curtly. Halloran tries to keep from gaping.

They walk down a long hall. At the end of the hall is a set of double doors. Sellinger indicates with his eyes ... that this is where they are going. Halloran runs ahead... and opens the doors for Sellinger.

CUT TO:

104 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sellinger strides into the large square of a room... and some of the soldiers who had been lounging there, jump at his presence. He goes to the main desk... and takes out some papers. The CLERK behind the desk straightens his collar.

CLERK
(German)
Yes, Colonel.

SELLINGER
(German)
These are from General Wallheim. Put them in your safe. They will be picked up at a later date.

Halloran is impressed with Sellinger... as he barks his orders to the Clerk.

CLERK
(German)
Yes, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

SELLINGER
(German)
I want a receipt.

CLERK
(German)
Yes, Colonel.

SELLINGER
(German)
What are you waiting for?

The Clerk jumps. He takes the papers. Sellinger follows the Clerk with his eyes. He watches him walk to the back of the room... behind the desk... to an alcove. In the alcove is a metal cage. Inside the metal cage is the safe Halloran is looking for a way to become invisible.

The Clerk returns from the metal cage without the papers. He hands a receipt to Sellinger. He salutes him. Sellinger clicks his heels. He waits. Halloran realizes that he has forgotten to open the door. He hurries over and opens the door. As Sellinger marches past him... Halloran gives him an apologetic shrug.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Halloran opens the door of the car for Sellinger... runs around to the driver's side... gets in, and starts the engine.

SELLINGER
They've changed it. They've put in a new safe. It's a combination safe. I haven't the foggiest notion of how to open it.

Halloran puts the car in gear and drives off.

HALLORAN
I love it.

CUT TO:

106 INT. TRUMBO'S OFFICE

Margaret walks in.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

It is obvious that Trumbo did not expect her. He stands up a bit startled... recovers... and goes over to her.

TRUMBO
Why, Mrs. Sellinger... what a pleasant surprise.

MARGARET
I'm sorry to barge in on you like this, Major Trumbo. It's just that I haven't heard anything since we spoke last night... and I've been beside myself. I was hoping that you had learned anything new.

Trumbo pulls over a chair for her... and they both sit down.

TRUMBO
Would you like a glass of sherry?

MARGARET
No, thank you.

TRUMBO
Cigarette?

MARGARET
Major, what the hell happened?

Trumbo looks at her.

TRUMBO
We don't know. The plane is missing. Not a trace... not a word... nothing.
(pause)
I still can't understand why Paul acted so impulsively.

MARGARET
(to herself)
I can.

TRUMBO
Really? Why?

MARGARET
It's not something I can explain.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

Trumbo would very much like to get rid of her.

TRUMBO
Mrs. Sellinger... I assure you, I will contact you... the moment I hear anything. I've spoken to the American Colonel... Bart, I believe his name is... and they are waiting for some word themselves.

MARGARET
Who is Colonel Bart?

TRUMBO
Paul was in an American plane ... from the Eighth Air Force. This man Bart... is the Wing Commander.

MARGARET
Where is he located?

TRUMBO
At Windsor Field.

Margaret gets up and goes to the door.

MARGARET
Thank you very much, Major. I apologize for pestering you so.

TRUMBO
Mrs. Sellinger... seeing Colonel Bart won't accomplish anything. He knows no more than I do.

MARGARET
I'm sure you're right. Thank you again.

She leaves... without waiting for a response.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, LYONS - NIGHT

It is three o'clock in the morning... and the street is deserted. The building looms in the ghostly floodlight. Halloran glides the staff car to a stop. He gets out and opens the door for Sellinger.

CUT TO:

108 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The two of them hear their four solitary footsteps ECHO in the cavernous lobby. They walk up the imposing staircase.

CUT TO:

109 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They walk down the endless hallway. Sellinger's face is tight. Halloran's eyes dart around in fear at every sound. They come to the set of double doors.

CUT TO:

110 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A new CLERK springs to attention as Sellinger snaps into the room. Halloran dutifully closes the door.

CLERK #2
(German)
Good evening, Colonel.

SELLINGER
(German)
There are some papers in the safe, for General Wallheim. I would like to make sure they are in order. I brought them here today. Here is my receipt.

The Clerk studies the receipt. Halloran closes his eyes... waiting for doom.

CLERK #2
(German)
Sir... this is a receipt that you brought the papers in... It is not an authorization for you to take them out.

SELLINGER
(German)
Did you hear what I said?

Halloran is chewing his lip. The Clerk is a bit intimidated.

CLERK #2
(German)
I'm very sorry, Colonel...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

SELLINGER
(German; shouting)
You do as you were ordered!

CLERK #2
(German)
Colonel... I... I need authorization...

The double doors open... and a soldier comes in carrying a manila envelope. He goes over to the Clerk and hands it to him. He straightens up... when he sees Sellinger, and salutes.

The Clerk takes the envelope... and heads for the wire cage in the alcove. Sellinger follows him. The soldier relaxes when Sellinger walks away. He nods a relieved greeting to Halloran... who smiles a frozen smile back.

The Clerk unlocks the wire cage and walks to the safe. Sellinger goes to the entrance of the cage. The Clerk looks at Sellinger.

CLERK #2
(continuing; German)
Colonel... I... I need an authorization to give you the papers.

SELLINGER
(German)
This is ridiculous.

The soldier takes out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Halloran... who shakes his head no thank you. Halloran wishes he wasn't alone with the soldier.

The Clerk starts on the combination to the safe.

SELLINGER
(continuing; German)
Just where am I supposed to get an authorization at this hour?

The soldier walks over to Halloran. He whispers something in Halloran's ear. Halloran looks back at him... trying to hide the terror in his face. The soldier grins. Halloran grins back.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

CLERK #2
(German)
I'm not sure. Captain Winkler is on duty on the third floor.

The Clerk has reaches the first number... and is spinning the dial on the combination lock to the second.

SELLINGER
(German)
I can't go traipsing all over this building... looking for authorization.

The soldier whispers something else in Halloran's ear. Halloran looks at him again. The soldier laughs. Halloran does the best he can to laugh back. The soldier laughs louder. So does Halloran. The soldier slaps Halloran on the back. Halloran slaps the soldier on the back.

The Clerk spins the dial to the final number... pulls down on the handle... and the safe opens. Sellinger is watching.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A staff car pulls up. Four soldiers get out. They are relaxed as they start walking up the main steps.

CUT TO:

112 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The soldier whispers still another thing in Halloran's ear. Halloran laughs again. The soldier looks at Halloran. Halloran nods and smiles. The soldier stops smiling.

HALLORAN
(to himself)
Terrific.

Halloran swings from the heels... as the soldier is reaching for his gun. He hits him square in the jaw. The soldier's head snaps back... and he begins to sag. Halloran hits him again... and he drops to the floor.

The Clerk wheels around at the sound of the hit. Sellinger's gun is behind the Clerk's neck in an instant. The Clerk jerks his hands in the air.

CUT TO:

113 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The four soldiers are jovial... as they clatter into the lobby. Two of them are straightening their uniforms. They are approaching the main staircase.

CUT TO:

114 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Halloran drags the unconscious body of the soldier across the floor... behind the desk.

Sellinger starts frantically going through the papers in the safe... keeping his gun trained on the Clerk at the same time.

CUT TO:

115 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The four soldiers are making a racket as they walk up. They sound like a herd of horses... their boots ECHOING up the stairs.

CUT TO:

116 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Halloran hears the NOISE from the stairway... so does Sellinger. Halloran pulls the unconscious soldier on the Clerk's chair. He props him up... and swivels the chair... so that the soldier's back is to the door. Halloran looks at the door. The NOISE is growing LOUDER. With trembling hands... he takes a cigarette from the soldier's pocket... rifles his pockets for a lighter... tries the lighter... once... it doesn't catch... a second time... it lights. He lights the cigarette... and puts it in the soldier's mouth.

Sellinger is still searching for the papers.

CUT TO:

117 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four soldiers start down the hallway.

CUT TO:

118 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Sellinger finds the papers. With his gun still on the Clerk... who also hears the approaching NOISE... he takes a Minox camera out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

Halloran looks at the door... then over at Sellinger. He races across the room to him. He grabs the camera from Sellinger.

HALLORAN
Are you out of your Goddamn mind?

Halloran grabs the papers... and stuffs them in his pocket. He slams the safe closed.

CUT TO:

119 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four soldiers are halfway down the hall... walking toward the double doors.

CUT TO:

120 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The Clerk realizes that the men are near. He decides to chance it. He opens his mouth to shout. The words never come out. Halloran hits him in the throat with his gun... and then on the back of the head. The Clerk goes down like a paperweight.

Halloran and Sellinger close the metal cage... with the inert body of the Clerk still inside.

CUT TO:

121 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four soldiers are almost at the end of the hall... just a few feet from the double doors... when they swing open. Sellinger prances out... Halloran at his brisk heels. The four soldiers straighten like boards ... and salute. Sellinger deigns to curtly return the salute, and continues striding. Halloran looks straight ahead.

The four soldiers walk through the double doors, and disappear. Halloran and Sellinger start to run.

CUT TO:

122 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The four soldiers enter the room. They see the soldier sitting behind the desk... casually smoking his cigarette. Some papers are in his hands. His back is to them

CUT TO:

123 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Halloran and Sellinger are running.

CUT TO:

124 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

SOLDIER #1
(German)
Where is Corporal Leiter?

The soldier behind the desk doesn't answer. He doesn't turn around. The smoke from his cigarette curls upward.

SOLDIER #1
(continuing; German)
Where is Corporal Leiter?

No answer. Two of the soldiers look at each other.

SOLDIER #1
(continuing; German)
I'm talking to you!

The two soldiers walk over to him.

CUT TO:

125 INT. MAIN STAIRCASE

Halloran and Sellinger are at the top of the stairs. Sellinger is having difficulty negotiating the stairs with his bad leg.

CUT TO:

126 INT. DOCUMENT ROOM - NIGHT

One of the soldiers taps the man on his shoulder. He falls over.

CUT TO:

127 INT. MAIN STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Halloran and Sellinger are halfway down the steps... when they hear the four soldiers BURST into the hallway. Sellinger starts to stumble... and Halloran catches him. They are four steps from the bottom... when the soldiers appear at the top.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

They are two steps from the bottom when the first SHOT RINGS OUT. The second SHOT SPLINTERS the wood on the banister near Halloran's hand.

HALLORAN
Son of a bitch!

Halloran drops to his knees... wheels... and FIRES at the top of the stairs. One SHOT catches the first soldier in his thigh. It spins him around. The second SHOT CHIPS the marble in front of him. The third SHOT HITS the soldier behind him in the face. The lead soldier tumbles down the stairs... making grunting sounds as he hits each step. The second soldier grabs his face and sags backward.

Sellinger is at the main door. Halloran races toward him. The two remaining soldiers FIRE from the top of the stairs. The glass SHATTERS in the doors, as Sellinger opens them.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Halloran bounds down the marble steps... three at a time. Sellinger can only manage one at a time. Halloran reaches the car... when Sellinger is only halfway down.

Across the street... three other soldiers respond to the sound of the shooting... and come running out of a doorway.

Halloran starts the car. The two remaining soldiers inside the building have reached the main doors. They FIRE through the gaping hole in the shattered glass. The BULLETS skip down the steps at Sellinger. Halloran FIRES at the door. The two soldiers duck.

HALLORAN
Will you hurry up, for Christ's sake!

Sellinger finally reaches the car. The three soldiers across the street start to SHOOT at them. Halloran floors the car. It squeals away... with Sellinger not having enough time to close the door.

The car veers up the steps... as two BULLETS CRASH through the windshield. The car swerves off the steps ... spins... and skids in the opposite direction... past the soldiers across the street.

The car careens down a narrow empty street... around a corner... through an alleyway of cobblestone... and it is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

129 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LYONS - NIGHT

SIRENS are BLARING and ALARMS are RINGING in the distance... as the car speeds away from the city. They are back on the country road... when Halloran spots two headlights approaching from a distance. He veers off the road... and turns off his headlights. He continues driving through a bumpy field... without headlights. A German Patrol lumbers by on the road... past them... and then out of sight. Halloran snaps his headlights back on ... and continues driving through the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

130 INT. COLONEL BART'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Margaret walks past a battery of typewriters... down a hallway. She comes to a door with Colonel Bart's name on it.

CUT TO:

131 INT. BART'S OFFICE - MORNING

Margaret opens the door. Colonel Bart stands up.

BART
Mrs. Sellinger?

MARGARET
Yes.

BART
I'm Colonel Bart. Major Trumbo told me you were coming to see me.

MARGARET
It is nice of you to take the time to speak with me.

BART
Not at all... won't you sit down?

Margaret sits in the same chair where Halloran was.

MARGARET
I know I must seem an awful pest. I just have to know, for myself... what has happened.

BART
Yes, of course. Well... we still have received no notification of survivors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

BART (CONT'D)
We can't send any reconnaissance aircraft to check... for fear of drawing unnecessary attention to the mission. You understand.

MARGARET
No, I don't.

BART
Yes... well... there's every chance they managed to bail out.

MARGARET
You don't know for sure...

BART
No... I don't... except I do know that if they did bail out ... your husband is in good hands. The pilot... Lieutenant Halloran ... is a very determined and resourceful man.

Margaret looks like someone has slapped her in the face.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. FARM HOUSE, FRANCE - MORNING

Halloran and Sellinger finish hiding the car in a nearby field... and walk to the same farm house where they had been before. Halloran knocks on the door. He waits impatiently. The door opens. The Girl from before is there.

GIRL
Oui?

SELLINGER
C'est nous.

The Girl looks at them.

HALLORAN
(smiling)
Apple pie.

The Girl quickly steps outside... and motions for them to be quiet. She leads them across the yard to the barn.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

Upstairs... in a darkened window... the curtains part... and an ELDERLY MAN peers out at them.

CUT TO:

133 INT. BARN - MORNING

The Girl leads them up to the loft. She remains at the bottom of the ladder as they climb up.

GIRL
Je reviens avec du pain et du vin.

SELLINGER
Merci... merci.

The Girl leaves. Sellinger lets out an exhausted sigh... and flops down on the hay. Halloran thinks that is a good idea.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
We did it! I'll be a son of a gun... we actually did it!

HALLORAN
I don't want to cramp your style or anything... we still haven't gotten out of France yet.

SELLINGER
Oh, we'll get out all right. It would be silly for us to have come this far... and then not get out.

HALLORAN
It would ruin my whole day.

CUT TO:

134 INT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING

The Elderly Man tiptoes down the stairs. He peeks through the slightly open kitchen door. He sees the Girl... getting some wine and some bread.

He sneaks away from the kitchen... to the vestibule. He picks up the receiver off the telephone... and silently dials.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

ELDERLY MAN
(whispering)
Allo?... je voudrais appeler le gendarmes... vite... vite...

CUT TO:

135 INT. BARN LOFT - MORNING

SELLINGER
I can go back now. I can be more for her to see.

HALLORAN
She must be very special.

SELLINGER
She is very special.
(pause)
Have you ever felt that way about any woman?

HALLORAN
Yes. I do now.
(pause)
Except... with me... it's different.
(pause)
Ever since I met her... I don't know who I am anymore.

SELLINGER
I know who you are. You're a good and a brave man.

HALLORAN
I don't feel very brave.

SELLINGER
That's absurd. Look what you've done.

HALLORAN
I didn't do anything except try to stay alive. Whatever I did... it was because I was too scared to die.

SELLINGER
The only brave men... are the frightened men. Men who aren't frightened aren't brave... they're insane.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

SELLINGER (CONT'D)
(pause)
You're only brave, when you have something to lose... and you still try.

Halloran feels the hay on the ground with his fingertips.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
When we get back... go to her... and hold her... and never let go.
(pause)
That's what I'm going to do... when I see Margaret.

Halloran has trouble breathing. His hand stops moving over the hay.

HALLORAN
Tell me about your... wife... What is her name?

SELLINGER
Margaret. God, I love that name ... don't you?

HALLORAN
Yes.

SELLINGER
How do I tell you about her? If there really is such a thing as one woman for you... it is Margaret for me. I know it sounds like something out of Mother Goose... except it's true. We have a daughter... Sarah. She looks like her mother... which is reason enough to think she is beautiful.

Sellinger reaches for his watch. He opens the back. He has put a tiny photograph in it... like a locket.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Here... this is Margaret.

He hands it to Halloran... who looks at it. It is Margaret. Halloran closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

SELLINGER
(continuing)
Isn't she lovely?

HALLORAN
(not looking)
Yes.

The Girl enters the barn... carrying a small basket of wine and bread. She climbs up the ladder.

GIRL
Manger.

SELLINGER
Merci mils fois.

GIRL
Alles auz les montaignes... a gauche. En huite kilometres... un eglise prene de le river. Le resistance est la. Ils attendons, maintenant.

SELLINGER
She said there is a church... about eight kilometers from here... to the left... There is a resistance group waiting for us.

The Girl grabs their hands... kisses them... and leaves. Sellinger eagerly takes some of the bread. Halloran isn't hungry.

HALLORAN
Here is your watch back.

SELLINGER
Eat something, old man.

They both hear the low growl of engines approaching the farm. Halloran springs up... and runs to the front wall. He looks between the slats. He sees a German staff car and three motorcycles approaching. At the front gate... the Elderly Man is waiting. He gestures to the patrol... and it comes to a stop. The soldiers dismount the motorcycles.

HALLORAN
Son of a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3)

He runs back and grabs Sellinger.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
The girl's fink father called the Germans.

They scramble down the ladder from the loft. Halloran takes the lighter he borrowed from the German Soldier... and lights it. He picks up a fistful of hay and sets it on fire. He throws the burning hay in the loft. It ignites more hay.

Halloran kicks some slats out of the back of the barn. He pushes Sellinger through... and then follows.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. BARN - MORNING

The two of them crouch behind the barn. Halloran motions for Sellinger to wait there. He slithers along the wet morning ground on his stomach. He makes his way along the side of the barn. Little fingers of smoke are beginning to find their way through the slats on the side of the barn as he passes. He gets to the corner... still on his stomach... where he can see the front of the barn.

The Elderly Man is talking to the soldiers... pointing to the barn. The smoke begins to waft out of the front... and curl up to the sloped wooden roof. The Elderly Man sees it... and begins to get hysterical. He starts to shout at the soldiers to do something.

The soldiers draw their guns. Two of them hurl themselves against the door. It creaks. They do it again... it starts to open... a third time... it gives way. Smoke pours out... as all the soldiers rush in.

Halloran breaks from the side of the barn... running for all his life. He tears across the front yard... jumps over the low wooden fence... and leaps to the car. He looks for the starter. There is no key.

HALLORAN
Perfect.

He jumps out of the car... and vaults over to one of the motorcycles.

CUT TO:

137 INT. BARN - MORNING

The soldiers can't see anything through the smoke. They are all shouting. They FIRE some SHOTS toward the back of the barn... and toward the loft.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. BACK OF BARN - MORNING

BULLET HOLES TEAR through the wood... above the head of Sellinger... who crouches even lower.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. FRONT OF BARN - MORNING

Halloran kicks the starter of the motorcycle once... twice... the MOTOR COUGHS, and BEGINS to WHINE. He pops the clutch... the front wheel rears up... and the motorcycle snakes across the yard to the side of the barn.

One of the soldiers inside the barn hears the ROAR of the motorcycle ENGINE and comes running out. Halloran skids to a stop alongside the back of the barn... near the huddled Sellinger... who has his head down... and cannot see.

HALLORAN
(screaming)
Will you move!

Sellinger bolts up and sees Halloran. He runs as best he can to the motorcycle and starts to get in.

The soldier who ran out of the barn turns the corner... and sees the motorcycle.

Halloran kicks up a cloud of dirt... as he spins and starts for the front. He doesn't see the soldier. The soldier takes aim at Halloran. Sellinger is holding onto Halloran's waist. Halloran is at the front of the barn... no more than ten feet away from the soldier when he sees the barrel of his gun pointing directly at him. There is simply no time. There is that second of recognition.

Halloran hears the SHOT... and sees the soldier hurtle forward at him... blood coming from a hole in his back. He looks up and sees the Young Girl holding a rifle in the doorway of the farm house.

The three remaining soldiers come running out of the barn ... as Halloran squeals across the yard... and down the road. The soldiers shoot at him... as they run for the two other motorcycles and the staff car.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

Halloran drives the motorcycle like a total mad man... the bike leaving the ground as it goes over rocks. It skids and it swerves. He almost loses control... only to regain it. Sellinger's eyes are tightly shut. The pursuing motorcycles are not far behind.

Halloran bounds the motorcycle up the hills... weaving through trees that strobe by... their branches slashing at them as they pass. The pursuing motorcycles follow up the hills.

The staff car... which can't make it up the hills... races along the road that goes around the hills.

Halloran flies up to the crest of the hill. It is a ridge. Directly below him... a sheer drop of about forty feet... is the road. Twenty feet straight across is another ridge... and the down slope of the hill. The road has been cut of the middle of the hill.

Halloran stops the motorcycle. He looks down at the drop to the road. The staff car is coming into sight. He looks back down the hill. The two pursuing motorcycles are leaving clouds of debris as they churn up at him. He looks directly across the gap... to the other ridge.

Halloran pivots the motorcycle... and heads back down the hill... directly at the two pursuing motorcycles... who are charging up.

The gap between them rapidly narrows. Halloran continues down for about seventy-five yards. Then he wheels around ... without a stop... and heads full speed back up toward the top. He goes faster and faster toward the top of the ridge.

The staff car comes to a stop on the road down below... directly under Halloran's path.

Halloran opens the throttle all the way... the engine straining as it accelerates. He is almost at full speed when he hits the top of the ridge. The motorcycle leaves the ground... the back wheel lower than the front. It soars over the twenty foot gap... and flies over the stopped staff car. The driver looks up at Halloran and Sellinger... as they pass forty feet over their heads.

SELLINGER

My God!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

The back wheel barely catches the other side. The bike wobbles... starts to spill over... catches itself... and continues down the other side.

The first of the pursuing motorcycles follows Halloran over the edge. It flies over the staff car. It doesn't have quite enough speed. The back wheel strikes the sheer side of the other ridge. The BIKE pitches backward... and falls upside down to the road. It EXPLODES in a black and orange burst of flame and smoke... in front of the car.

The third motorcycle doesn't try it. It skids to a stop... the wheels sliding out from under the driver. The driver jumps off... just before the motorcycle slides down the ridge... and lands in a twisted burning jumble of metal on the side of the road.

The staff car takes off down the road after Halloran.

Halloran and Sellinger bound down the side of the hill.

SELLINGER
(continuing)
I think I left my kidneys back there.

HALLORAN
You've still got your ass.

Halloran turns onto the road... as the staff car is coming around the bend... less than a hundred yards away. They roar around the twists and turns of the road. Halloran is pushing the motorcycle until it seems like it is going to explode.

There is a tiny suspension bridge hanging over a deep ravine. Halloran sees it as the first burst of MACHINE GUN FIRE from the staff car tears up the ground to his left. He swerves to his right.

Halloran hits the bridge... as the staff car is coming around the final bend... heading toward the bridge. MACHINE GUN FIRE spits up the length of the little bridge... the SLATS SPLINTERING at the wheels of the motorcycle. Halloran feels Sellinger's grip weaken. He looks down at his waist. He sees Sellinger's hands beginning to let go... blood seeping from under his uniform cuff, and down his fingers.

There is a mortar EXPLOSION behind him. He looks up. There are men on the other side of the bridge FIRING in his direction. He sees they are not firing at him. Rather ... they are FIRING at the staff car behind him.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

Another mortar SHELL HITS the end of the bridge behind him. It tears a hole in the supports. The staff car screeches to a stop... at the other side... just as the bridge begins to give way. The staff car reverses just in time... and makes it back to the other ridge. Their side of the bridge is gone.

Halloran is now riding uphill on a dangling bridge. Sellinger lets go and sprawls on the bridge. He rolls down... and manages to catch on to part of the railing. MACHINE GUN FIRE is coming from the staff car across the ravine.

Halloran makes it to the other side. There are men all around him... FIRING back at the staff car. Halloran spills off the bike and looks back. There is no more bridge. He looks down at his waist. There are blood stains from Sellinger's hands.

Halloran runs to the edge of the bridge... and looks down. The bridge is dangling... and swaying from the lone remaining support. Sellinger is holding onto the railing ... his feet hanging over the ravine.

Halloran is frozen. He sees Sellinger. He is terrified to go after him. The staff car is FIRING at Sellinger.

Halloran takes a deep breath... shrugs... and starts to climb down the railing of the dangling bridge. The Frenchmen on his side are giving covering FIRE. The staff car on the other side sees what he is up to... and starts to zero in on him.

Foot by foot... Halloran makes his way down to Sellinger. Sellinger looks up at him. The remaining bridge support is beginning to give way. Halloran reaches Sellinger. BULLETS STRIKE the bridge all around them.

HALLORAN
Grab on!

SELLINGER
I can't! Go back!

HALLORAN
I'm too scared to argue with you! Grab on, goddamn it... before you get us both killed!

Sellinger feebly grabs Halloran's hand... and then his wrist. Halloran yanks with all his might. He pulls himself with his remaining free hand... foot by foot... back up to the top. The Frenchmen are trying to keep the staff car pinned down.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (4)

SELLINGER
When you get... back to... London ... please... look up my wife... her name... is... Margaret.
(pause)
Please... tell her... that... her... husband... died... a brave man...

HALLORAN
Tell her yourself.

SELLINGER
It's no use... I'm too weak...

HALLORAN
Will you shut up!

Halloran is ten feet from the top. The staff car is FIRING blindly. Halloran is five feet... then four... then three... then a hand reaches out and grabs him. With a final rush... he pulls Sellinger up... and the two of them lie at the other ledge... breathless. The men drag them to cover.

Halloran looks at Sellinger's bloody back and chest. His eyes are closing.

SELLINGER
(weakly)
I get... the wet coat, again.

Halloran looks at him.

HALLORAN
(softly)
No, pal... you get the girl.

Sellinger's eyes close. Halloran looks at him... horrified.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Oh no you don't... no way... you die on me now... I'll kill you.

DISSOLVE TO:

140 INT. SELLINGER HOME - DAY

Margaret and Sarah are sitting in the living room.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

The sky outside the windows is a pale grey. Sarah is running her fingers along the edges of one of the handkerchiefs she got her father for Christmas.

MARGARET
Would you like to play cards? I feel like demolishing you.

SARAH
You're trying to be cheerful... because you're worried about Daddy. He's going to be all right.

Margaret looks at Sarah.

MARGARET
I love you more than it is possible to love anyone under four feet tall.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Margaret jumps. She dashes over to the phone... and picks up the receiver.

MARGARET
(continuing; into phone)
Hello?
(pause)
Yes?

Margaret bursts into tears... holding the receiver. Sarah watches her. She is still holding the handkerchief.

SARAH
Mommy... is it good crying... or bad crying?

Margaret tries to answer... except she can't. She is weeping. She tries to smile while crying... she nods to Sarah.

SARAH
(continuing; grinning)
I knew it.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Margaret runs off the hospital elevator.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

The pale green corridor is crowded with people who all seem to be walking with a purpose. They all scurry in different directions... however, in hospitals... they never seem to look random.

Margaret looks around. She runs to the main desk.

MARGARET
Captain Sellinger... what room is he in? I'm his wife.

The NURSE looks at the roster.

NURSE
Four-four-two, Mrs. Sellinger.

Margaret starts to run before the Nurse finishes her sentence. She turns the corner and stops in her tracks.

Halloran is walking up the corridor... toward her. He sees her at the same time... and he stops.

She runs to him... and is in his arms... her eyes closed ... her head buried in his shoulder. They don't say anything.

HALLORAN
Hello, old friend.

Halloran takes her face in his hands. They look at each other.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
It's unfair for anyone's eyes to be that color.

MARGARET
Halloran... I...

She starts to cry.

HALLORAN
Me too.

Margaret is trembling. She runs her hand across Halloran's forehead... brushing his hair back.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
I was lost for a while... now I'm back.

(CONTINUED)

Margaret nods. She can't talk.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
There is a man in a room... down the end of the hall.
(pause)
He's a good man. He loves his wife and his daughter... more than he loves his own life.

MARGARET
When I first heard that you both were shot down together... I... I felt I was being punished.
(pause)
Then.... after a while... I knew... I knew you would take care of him... I knew you would come back.

She holds onto him... so tightly... her arms ache.

HALLORAN
I love you enough to let go of you... which is more than I have ever loved anyone or anything before in my life.

MARGARET
I wish I didn't cry all the damn time.

She looks up at him again.

MARGARET
(continuing)
If it means anything to you... I will never... care for anyone... the way I care for you...

HALLORAN
It means something.

Halloran brushes his hand against her cheek.

HALLORAN
(continuing)
Remember... we have a street... where we met. It's ours.
(MORE)

141 CONTINUED: (3)

HALLORAN (CONT'D)
It will always be there... no matter where we are. It will never change.
(pause)
Nobody can ever take that away from us.
(pause)
Now go... go to him... before I change my mind... and blow this whole thing.

His hand falls down her face... down her shoulder... down her arm... to her hand. She squeezes it. Halloran starts to walk. Their fingertips part. Margaret starts to go in the opposite direction... toward her husband's room.

Halloran reaches the corner... as Margaret reaches the door to the room.

They both turn around and look at each other. Halloran smiles.

Halloran turns... and walks around the corner. Margaret opens the door to the room... and walks in.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. HANOVER STREET - AFTERNOON

Halloran steps outside. He walks down the street... and turns the corner onto Hanover Street. They have taken the boards away... and repaired the little restaurant. The doorway has been patched up. There are clusters of people at the bus stop.

The evening settles over London... like it weighs more than the afternoon.

THE END